

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,740, Vol. 67.

March 2, 1889.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE WOOD AND THE HOLLOA.

THE wild shriek of Separatist jubilation over the events of Monday and Tuesday last which has stunned the ears of the country is already beginning to subside a little; but it has been interesting enough. The clear harp has sounded in divers tones, from descriptions of Mr. PARNELL's attributes which appear to be taken from some imperfectly remembered book of devotion, to the exhortations of the *Freeman's Journal* that anti-Nationalists shall be treated as "vermin." It was remarked recently by a praiser of times past that, if "there were judges in Berlin," the editor of every Gladstonian paper would have been at the present moment sitting in durance vile and reflecting on the diminution in the balance at his banker's caused by a good round fine. The reluctance of the Judges composing the Special Commission to exercise their powers in former instances can hardly be said to have received a happy commentary in the fact that on Wednesday morning more than one respectable organ of opinion declared that Mr. PARNELL had been "proved innocent." In reference to this part of the matter, which is a fitting climax to the garbled summaries on which we commented last week, we need hardly say much. Those who resort to such means of influencing public opinion have the proverbial advantage of the chimney-sweep; they are safe from retaliation in kind. But even in Gladstonian mouths it is a little surprising that the name of the ingenious person who has figured so largely on the newspaper bills should be used as a reproach, not merely to his employers, but to Unionists generally and the Government in particular. Of Mr. PIGOTT it is almost enough to say that Colonel SAUNDERSON seems to have described him very correctly as a fit candidate for a portfolio in the first Home Rule Government. It is a pity, no doubt, that some persons whose business it was to know did not know more about him. For at least eight years past he has been very well known by reputation to those (it would seem extremely few) persons in England who care to acquaint themselves thoroughly with Irish affairs. He was known as a man of whom the Parnellites were very distrustful and a little afraid, as a person who knew a good deal, and was very likely to make the most of his knowledge in one sense, and perhaps a little more than the most in another. Therefore, when these letters appeared, such persons said to themselves—and to others—that the source of them was very probably PIGOTT, and that the *Times* had better take care. But the true Pigottists, as the word seems to be, appear by their own confession to be archbishops, solicitors, truth-loving members of Parliament, and so forth, on the Parnellite side. For months past those persons have, it would appear, been bargaining personally with Mr. PIGOTT for confessions of his performances in return for all sorts of consideration, spiritual and carnal. Instead of at once making use of Mr. PIGOTT's applications to clear their own and their friends' character, they have tried how to make the most of him in his turn, and meanwhile have sat under the imputations with the patience which is well known to be characteristic of innocence. That little matter of the delay of Messrs. LEWIS's clerk to lodge at Scotland Yard the Bench warrant which had been obtained six or seven hours previously is of course nothing. But, had the sides been changed, it would certainly have been attributed by Gladstonians to a kind wish not to press too hard on a man with whom Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. LEWIS and Archbishop WALSH had been so long on terms of correspondence.

Yet even though the patience of the Judges has apparently given consent to the doctrine that there is no such thing as contempt of this Court, either by newspaper or

by counsel (for there have been times when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL could hardly have paraded his hustings manner as he did on Tuesday), we have no intention of imitating Gladstonian conduct. We anticipate in no way the decision of the Commission, and we shall leave to the Judges the task of distinguishing between Mr. PIGOTT's different statements, or alleged statements—such as that he forged all the letters, that he did not forge the most important, and that Mr. LABOUCHERE offered to bribe him to give certain evidence. This last statement is, of course, quite incredible; but what becomes of the credibility of the others if it is so? These things are for the Judges. A very important matter, however, in which no possible contempt can be committed, is to recall the public mind out of the extraordinary mist of delusion which its Gladstonian instructors have been sedulously spreading. To hear these persons talk it might be imagined that the whole question of the connexion of Parnellism and Crime turned on the letters. The public memory is always short, and the public faculty of detecting cleverly veiled fallacy not always keen. But this seems to be too large a demand to make, even upon short memories and blunt intelligences. It is not matter of argument, but of simple historical fact, that the assumption is totally baseless. It was not believed that Parnellism and Crime were connected because of the letters. The letters gained such credence as they did gain (it was always of a very dubious and fluid character in minds tolerably well gifted with the faculty of judging evidence) simply because they bore out the already strong and strongly confirmed belief in the connexion of Parnellism with Crime. If Mr. PIGOTT, or Mr. Anybody, had produced letters proving that Lord IDDESLEIGH had hired the gang who murdered Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, or that Mr. FORSTER had arranged with Mr. PARNELL to have the Lords who made him furious by turning out the Compensation Bill waylaid and bludgeoned, uproarious laughter or merely silent disgust would have been all that would have greeted them. If, as a Separatist newspaper has very imprudently suggested, Lord HARTINGTON had been in the place of Mr. PARNELL, public opinion would simply have been guided by the fact that Lord HARTINGTON's record and Lord HARTINGTON's associates are, let us say, different from the associates and the record of Mr. PARNELL. The sole strength of the letters lay in the fact that they confirmed, and put into more or less definite form against individuals, what was widely, and in consequence of a large mass of different and accumulated evidence, believed against a whole party. It is open to any one to argue that this very fact ought to have made those who meddled with them doubly and trebly cautious. But we are not sitting, and the Commission is not sitting, in judgment over the wisdom or unwisdom of the conduct of matters by the *Times*. That unwisdom was lamentable enough, though in commenting on it a little more delicacy might have been shown by the *Times*' own rivals in the daily press. It has been admitted by the *Times*' counsel and the letters themselves have been withdrawn. That the terms of the withdrawal were such as they should be is all but sufficiently proved by the fact that they have had the honour to displease Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

What is desirable now is that the public should put on one side all this Parnellite-Gladstonian *blague* about the breakdown of the charges against Mr. PARNELL. The case against Parnellism without the letters at all, though it would retire into the comparative vagueness in personal reference which distinguished it before, would be just as strong as it was when Mr. GLADSTONE, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN regarded Mr. PARNELL (as their whole conduct and their frequent expressions showed) with the gravest possible suspicion—a suspicion which was

shared by every person of distinguished intelligence in the two parties, except Mr. MORLEY certainly, and perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Whether that suspicion was founded on anything tangible enough to be the subject of legal, or even quasi-legal, proceedings is the question before the Commission, and it is no more decided by the breakdown, such as it is, of Mr. RICHARD PIGOTT as a witness and of the letters as documents than a structure resting on many supports breaks down because one of its supports is broken while twenty more remain. We give here absolutely no opinion on the sufficiency of the remaining evidence; we anticipate the decision by never a word one way or the other; we imitate in no single respect the conduct of the Parnellite-Gladstonians on the other side. But, when efforts have been so boisterously and impudently made to obscure the issue and to pronounce, not only on the points at issue, but on others, it is not only allowable, but necessary, to disperse that part of the cloud which can be dispersed without interfering with the province of the Court. Even without Gladstonian audacity, it may be suggested that Mr. PARNELL's conduct when the first "forgery" appeared, and the conduct of the Parnellites generally, remain absolutely unexplained, if not absolutely inexplicable, except as the result of a fear that something, no matter what, had "come out," which they knew was there to come out. But the path in that direction is soon barred to all who are not as unscrupulous as Gladstonians themselves. It is, however, still open to honourable arguers, and it is their duty, to recall public attention to the true and the undecided points at issue. Those points are unaffected by what has occurred; and the persons who have shaken hands with Mr. PARNELL may yet experience a wish for moral pumice-stone. It was not because of the letters that Mr. GLADSTONE, years before, put Mr. PARNELL in prison. It was not because of the letters that Mr. FORSTER, one of the most honest, not the least able, and by far the best acquainted with Ireland of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues, resigned office rather than have to do with Mr. PARNELL. For something like seven years before the letters appeared Mr. PARNELL was regarded—let us say—not with the feelings they now express, by the very persons who now pose Mr. PARNELL as a saint and a martyr. It is the duty of the Commission to examine the grounds on which, when the letters had never been heard of, such a view of Parnellism and its leaders commended itself to Liberals and Conservatives alike. And behind the Commission there is history.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE terror inspired in the bosom of the Peace Society by the horrid prospect of a special vote for the navy has stirred it up to almost frantic exertions. Its manifesto of last week has been followed by a memorial in this. The memorial again has drawn an answer from Mr. GLADSTONE, and the two have been published together. It was doubtless a judicious calculation on the part of the Society to get a line from Mr. GLADSTONE, but the note was not in itself a catch to make a song of. A certain illustrious foreign poet (and if the story is not true of him, it is doubtless true of many others) is said to have kept a copy of verses to be written in the albums of young ladies who bored him to give them a line or two. Mr. GLADSTONE would appear to keep a formula of note for people who send him memorials. It would be as good as impossible for any man to send Mr. GLADSTONE a memorial—not on one of three or four subjects, of course—without getting an answer to the effect that it had interested him very much, that he is an elderly man, that nobody need fear that either he or the other Liberal leaders would show any leaning to do anything wrong. This is what the Peace Society has obtained from the Separatist leader. It knows that he will show no leaning to approve of excess in expenditure on things military or even naval, and with that it must be as contented as it can. What amount of expenditure on the defences of the country would be considered excessive Mr. GLADSTONE does not say. What chance the Peace Society may have to obtain light from him on that subject will depend largely on its own success in stirring up in the country an opposition to any expenditure on the navy whatever, strong enough to be worth courting for its vote.

The manifesto of the Peace Society itself is a thing with which it would be unwise, but pardonable, to be angry. A certain natural irritation may be felt when we find the distinguished body of which the illustrious Mr. W. EVANS

DARBY is secretary dismissing all the rest of the population of England as either dupes or dupers. But this irritation, however natural, is unwise. It is the nature of small coteries to think in this fashion, and the Peace Society only does after its kind. It is impudent and conceited; it presents its trumpery paradoxes or japes with an intense satisfaction with itself which may arouse a passionate desire to retaliate rather violently. The gentleman who drew up this document knows his business fairly well. The recipe for cooking this kind of dish is simple enough. You take a few stale quotations—the staler the better; with these you mix a few obvious sneers—the more obvious the better; you add a few familiar japes—the more familiar the better; you stir them all in water, which need not be clean, and there you are. If you are likely to be able to influence a vote or two Mr. GLADSTONE finds you interesting. The great resource of the Society is, of course, to insist with iteration that a great deal of money has already been spent on the navy—three hundred millions or so in ten years—and to ask in a triumphant manner why the navy is not strong enough. There are probably not a few voters of independence and intelligence to whom this appears a convincing argument, who would yet quite see the folly of asking why they wanted to spend half-a-crown on a dinner when they had been buying provisions to the amount of a hundred pounds a year for the last five years. It is the firm belief of the Society that the first duty of Governments is not to spend money. On that point they hold a creed which has come down to them from Mr. JOSEPH HUME, who was so utterly amazed when MACAULAY told him that the defences of the country appeared of importance even to the Whig mind. As mere belated fanatics in a world which has got tired of their platitudes, and taken up with platitudes of another kind, they are even entitled to some pity. It does not appear likely that, whatever folly we fall into, we shall commit the particular kind of silliness recommended by the Peace Society, and make up for the extravagant management of former years by leaving the navy unstrengthened in the face of the growing force of all our neighbours. It will require something more cutting than sneers at the timidity of JOHN BULL, and something more urgent than vague remarks about changes in construction and their influence, and about the probable effect of the use of dynamite in war, to persuade us to do that.

THE MODERN SCHOOLMASTER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT says, with a cruel frankness, unusual in him, that he had never known a schoolmaster who was a sensible man. Indeed he puts it rather more strongly than that, which is, so far, consoling. For nobody can look round on the race of modern schoolmasters, on their training, and on their peculiarities, with much complacency. So it is rather a comfort than otherwise to reflect that perhaps they have not degenerated, and that they may even have improved, since the end of last century, when SCOTT found them so foolish.

The chances are certainly against the modern schoolmaster. He is developed in very narrow conditions; indeed, it may be said of him that through all his life he is never out of school, except when he is in the Engadine or in Switzerland. He wins a scholarship for two-year-olds, or thereabouts, after a course of preparatory cram, while he is quite a small boy. Then he goes to his public school, where he finds an artificial *Relligio Loci*, cultivated by the masters. Each school, however new, is, in the enthusiastic master's eyes, the centre of the universe. It is bepraised in speeches, and it is chanted in school songs and hymns, with the purpose of making it an idol, a fetish, or a god. Peckham Rye Academy (we trust there is no such establishment, and devise the name at random) sets about making for itself a tradition, resuscitating a pious founder, hallowing his worthy memory, consecrating old pupils as if they were ancestral spirits, and "bongering" them, as the Zulus say—that is, reciting their mighty deeds and titles of honour on speech days. The seminary has its periodical, the *Peckhamryite*, which is to be taken in by all the *alumini* all over the world, and is to inform them how JENKINS, Old Peckhamryite, made seventy, not out, for the Aquatics at Downing, or how BROWN was *proxime* for the Twopenny Exhibition, with much similar intelligence.

All this is very well meant, the idea being that each boy should say *Peckham nactus es, hanc exorna*; that every pupil "should have Peckham Rye before him as the

"Athenians had the city of the Violet Crown." (Extract from Prize Essay on *Esprit de corps*.) Perhaps, on the whole, the boys are all the better for this glorified vision of the Academy, but what of the masters? Are they not apt to mistake the cackle of their school for the mighty wave that echoes round the world? For their career and course in life is this:—Each goes to Peckham as a mere child. He is imbued with the Peckham tradition. He stays at school perhaps ten mortal years. He lingers in the sixth. He gets into the Eleven. Perhaps the junior master lends him OMAR KHAYYAM, and talks politics to him, and discusses religion with him and Greek sculpture. In his study you may see little cheap casts from Greek terra-cottas, and all the florid books of the advanced artistic school, rampant with adjectives. Then the unlucky lad goes to the University, where he lives chiefly, if he be a predestined schoolmaster, with other Peckhamrytes. In his three or four years of Oxford or Cambridge he sees all that he ever does see of the world; but, as he is generally busy either with books or bats, and as his Long Vacation is spent in playing for the Peckham Rye Wanderers, he might really almost as well be still at school. He keeps up a voluminous correspondence with the junior master, and is always in touch with Peckham Rye, where on speech day he has his share of the "bongering." Finally he goes back to be a master at dear old Peckham Rye. Three-fourths of his year is occupied there in tending the sacred flame and handing on the torch of Peckhamryism. The holidays are passed in Continental galleries, or on high mountains, where the other advanced schoolmasters go, and where they clatter about with axes and compare ideas on examinations, politics, and religion.

Can any one say that this kind of training will make a schoolmaster something unlike what SCOTT usually, or universally, found them? Can anything be more apt to narrow a mind or make it overrate its own concerns and pretensions? A schoolmaster with humour is, by the nature of things, almost an impossibility, the chief recorded exception being Mr. SQUEENS, whose methods and manners are antiquated. A schoolmaster's whole life makes him take the most awfully serious views of trifles, because trifles are serious to his boys. This is not his fault; and the more conscientious he is the less can he escape the misfortune, rather than the fault, of his profession. The reports that are sent home with boys might make a cynic weep and a sentimentalist laugh. This boy is industrious, painstaking, excellent; but he is not "brilliant," and his essays show "no depth of thought." Why is he not brilliant? why is he not a deep thinker? The poor little chap is really overworked and overstimulated. He is actually told to write essays on Mr. BALFOUR's Irish policy! He is torn up by the roots to see how he is growing. He is lectured at about DANTE. He is put on problems, political and social, which a boy's mind can only break itself upon. And he has reams of psychological analysis about himself sent home with his terminal bills when the holidays begin. Fortunately this runs off most boys' minds like water off a duck's back. But it does not run off the mind of the boy who is going to be a boy at Peckham Rye Academy, a young man there, an old man there—always in puerile society, always trying to drag it up to his own intellectual level, always descending to it unconsciously in his over-estimate of trifles. Premature priggishness, precocity, stunted wits, mental stoppage, or wild mental advance and excitement, are among the results of all this system. It is not that schoolmasters lack conscience, or courage, or honesty, or manliness; far from it, they are often examples of these virtues. Our complaint is that, so long as they are never out of school their whole lives long, they must necessarily be very much what SCOTT found them—very far from being sensible men, very far from seeing character and life in their true proportions, very apt to hustle boys in every way and to make them early "thoughtful," but never mature. Perhaps the best practical remedy would be a self-denying ordinance forbidding any pupil to become a master in his own old school.

AFGHANISTAN.

IF it is sometimes unlucky that Russia is a despotically governed country, it cannot be denied that the fact has its compensations. In a land enjoying the unspeakable blessing of popular institutions the result of the curious proceedings on the Red Sea between France and Russia, or rather between France and a body of Russian filibusters, might have had unpleasant results for this country. For

lands which enjoy the blessings of popular institutions are particularly fond of the diversion known to schoolboys as "passing it on"; and, though Russia might not in that case, any more than actually, care to resent the action of a French naval officer who was undoubtedly within his rights, and who had the natural impatience of a French naval officer to try his guns, she would be more likely than at present to give England trouble in Afghanistan.

It is satisfactory to see that the principal alarmist news comes not from Calcutta, where news is pretty trustworthy, but from St. Petersburg, where it is not. But, even so, the satisfaction must be tempered with some anxiety. We have a great respect for Sir ROBERT MORIER, but we do not think his personality a guarantee for peace between England and Russia. We are able to believe very sincerely in the CZAR's personal wishes for peace without being much more sanguine on that account. The fact is that, deny and argue as Russophiles and optimists may, the tendency of Russia is naturally towards India; and that, therefore, firebrands on the frontier may at any time force the hand of their Imperial master. With persons of the KOMAROFF and ALIKHANOFF stamp, it is only a question how much they dare and what opportunity they have. The former point is never easily calculable; as to the latter, it can only be said that the present proceedings, however legitimate, of the AMEER must necessarily present opportunities abundantly. Afghan Turkestan, Russian Turkestan, and Bokhara are countries sufficiently connected to make them bad neighbours, and, in two out of the three cases at any rate, by no means governed in such a stable manner as to keep their tendencies to bad-neighbourship in check. It is probable that on the Russian side the severities which ABDUL RAHMAN has been exercising in his division of Turkestan are much exaggerated. But there is no doubt that he is exercising severities; and there is also no doubt that Bokhara is full of Afghan exiles burning for revenge, and of Bokharan subjects who are very closely connected with the persons now being "taught" by the AMEER. Yet, again, it is perfectly certain that nothing like another Penjdeh can be afforded by England. We have given up so much that it may seem to some as if it were not worth fighting about giving up a little more. It may be that the present highly artificial and inconvenient frontier is not the frontier that the best strategists of India would like to choose as a bone of contention with Russia. But it would be fatal to our influence in Afghanistan, and disastrous to our hold on India itself, if we allowed the AMEER to be once more plundered on a flimsy pretext, or none at all. Of this the AMEER himself is very well aware, and the Russian frontier officers are aware of it too. They have been so long accustomed to beard England with impunity, that some new attempt of the kind cannot be thought altogether unlikely. At the same time, it is fair to remember that on no former occasion has the present CZAR broken a distinct understanding with England, and that such an understanding now exists. On the whole, the best thing seems to be to hope for the best; to push forward the railway towards Candahar, if not to it, as vigorously as possible, use every means to strengthen our hold upon the southern zone of Afghanistan, to keep on good terms with Persia, and in other ways to prepare for an evil day, rather than to disturb ourselves on the question whether the evil day will come to-morrow or years hence. To prepare as if it were coming to-morrow and at the same time to do our best to put it off as long as possible is the only sound policy. And the best way to do both is to be unhesitating in the maintenance of the AMEER's rights while giving him to understand that he must not commit wrongs.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

IT is fortunate for Colonel RYAN, who was brought before the sitting magistrate at the Westminster Police Court last Tuesday, that he encountered at the station a very acute and observant Inspector. Otherwise he might have been convicted, or at least committed for trial, on a charge of which he was entirely innocent. The case illustrates, as Mr. PARTRIDGE observed, the dangers, which are no less real than the advantages, of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. It is necessary that girls should be protected against assault with the utmost vigilance and rigour of the law. But, on the other hand, there is a certain class of young woman, not very particular about incidental risks to her reputation, who finds too early that men can pay, and acts upon the discovery with the promptitude worthy of a better cause.

IRENE GRIFFITHS, aged thirteen, is apparently one of these precocious infants, and Colonel RYAN was very near falling a victim to her expensive arts. There is nothing, except the assertion of IRENE and her sister, to show that the Colonel behaved imprudently, or gave any handle to his accusers, and, as it happened, part of the sister's assertion decidedly damaged her case. He took lodgings in Sloane Street, and his landlady had two young daughters. He could not help that, and very likely knew nothing about it. Nevertheless, the younger of the two, the said IRENE, accused him of having threatened her virtue, and told a circumstantial story of insult in the witness-box. It is obvious that any man may be placed by such a narrative in a very serious position. He cannot plead that he was somewhere else, because he was there. He cannot call witnesses, except to character, because nobody else was present. If the crime imputed be not, as it was not in this case, the worst of all, medical evidence is worthless, and may even otherwise be quite inconclusive. The defendant is accordingly obliged to rely upon a number of minute details and tortuous inferences, which, even though they may in the long run save him, do not exempt him from much trouble, anxiety, and peril.

Mr. PARTRIDGE, having carefully considered the whole case, came to the conclusion that it had been trumped up, and exonerated Colonel RYAN from all suspicion of his conduct. But, as we have said, it was a very near thing. The luckiest part of the proceedings was that Inspector BANTICK, who first took the complaint, heard IRENE's sister CONSTANCE ask, in the presence of IRENE, "What will he have to pay?" and, again, "Won't he have to pay Ma something?" Both girls denied this conversation, but the magistrate believed the Inspector, and it went far to settle the matter. It is, no doubt, conceivable that a girl should try to extort money for an actual offence. But, taken together with serious discrepancies and contradictions such as occurred in this instance, it established the innocence of the Colonel, who has been subjected to most unmerited annoyance. Mr. PARTRIDGE "would not crush a fly on such evidence, and considered that the case was 'trumped up for the purpose of extorting money.'" All's well that ends well, and Colonel RYAN will probably soon forget his temporary trouble. But his example suggests grave possibilities as to the miscarriage of justice in similar circumstances. There are far too many people who believe, and are encouraged and exhorted by fanatics to believe, every tale of such outrage, and some of these people may be upon any jury. The irrevocability of the sentence counterbalances a similar tendency in the case of murder. But it is a true, though a melancholy, reflection that, except when the punishment is capital, prisoners accused of the worst crimes are the more likely to be convicted. Every decent man is revolted and stirred up into a fit of moral indignation by such a charge as was brought against Colonel RYAN. Therefore these are exactly the conditions under which a judge or magistrate ought to be most careful in giving the defendant fair play. No statute is more liable to abuse than the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885.

LE CHÂTEAU DE LA PEUR.

THE Ministry which M. CARNOT did at last succeed in forming was understood from the first to be a stopgap. It does not pretend to do more than tide over the Exhibition, secure the voting of the Budget, and put off as long as possible the dreaded general election. In such a Chamber as the French now is, no Ministry can hope to do this which is not absolutely colourless. No party possesses a majority, and if one of them supplied the whole Cabinet, the others would combine to bring in another crisis. M. CARNOT is supposed to have exerted himself to form this Cabinet in pursuit of a definite policy; but he could hardly have formed any other with the slightest hope that it would endure. His policy, if it is his, has been forced on him. The only alternative course would be a dissolution, or a resolute attempt to carry on a personal government in defiance of the majority of at least the Lower Chamber. But M. CARNOT cannot dissolve without the consent of the Senate, which would probably be refused, and he has no popularity, no following of any kind out of the Chamber on which he could rely to support a personal government. The very critics who censure his weakness acknowledge that the Chamber has outlived its strength

and is regarded with dislike or indifference throughout the country. It goes on because it cannot be upset without a disturbance of order, which no serious party has any reason to desire. Out of such elements nothing could be made but some such Ministry as M. TIRARD's, which meekly confesses that it is a scratch team, hired for the job, and that only.

This rather piteous Ministry and the equally piteous Republican majority are living in the Castle of Fear. They sit in the cold shade of General BOULANGER and can do nothing but spin plans for his destruction. Within the last few days another proof has been given of his reality and of the shadowy nature of his rivals. With his fall from office M. FLOQUET has become insignificant, and now that he is no longer Minister or President of the Chamber, he will probably soon be as obscure as M. BRISSON, a predecessor of somewhat similar position and character. Paris is more interested in the sorrows of poor M. GUYOT DESSAIGNE, whose Ministerial career was cut short while his furniture was being moved into his official residence, than in its late Premier. The sudden determination to suppress the League of Patriots is obviously dictated by a desire to deprive the General of a useful electoral ally. M. DÉROULÈDE and the other members of the Committee may have done a very foolish thing when they published a protest against the bombardment of Sagallo, but they certainly did not commit their alleged offence, which was the doing of something likely to provoke a war with Russia. How to tie up the terrible General who does not come and depart like MM. FLOQUET and DESSAIGNE is the one serious business of the Chamber. Various and curious are the schemes proposed. M. RENÉ LAFFON has brought in a Bill to define the manner in which the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* shall be consulted. He proposes to limit every candidate to one district, to prohibit deputies from seeking a new election while they are actually sitting, and to annul all improperly given votes. In short, they wish to make it impossible for any future General BOULANGER to do what the General has been doing for two years. The Bills are a proof of the enduring belief of some Frenchmen in the force of paper restrictions. If M. LAFFON and the others who have made similar proposals had remembered the history of the General, they would surely not have failed to understand how futile their precautions must be. They do not and cannot prevent a constituency from voting as it pleases. Already, when the General was in active command at Clermont Ferrand, and was therefore ineligible, he was widely voted for in the South. The votes were annulled, but they produced their effect. It is from them that the successful political career of the General may be said to begin. How could M. LAFFON and others prevent the same thing from happening again and having its effect? If they glance at an account of that passage of English constitutional history called the Middlesex election, they will see that a determination to ignore the votes of constituencies is apt to be dangerous, except to a Ministry which could command a great and trustworthy following in the country. But any such Ministry could defy the General without the help of special laws. Besides, it is all the same to the General whether he gets in himself or secures the return of followers by his personal influence. This last consideration ought, if there were any capacity for recognizing facts left in him, to prevent M. CLÉMENTEAU from crowning a career of wordy ineptitude by the introduction of his self-denying ordinance. It would really seem that, when M. CLÉMENTEAU decided to recommend the members of the Chamber to declare themselves incapable of re-election, he was under the impression that the General's importance was due to the fact that he is a deputy. If there is anything certain in French politics at all, it is that the General is considerable just because the country is sick of deputies, and particularly sick of M. CLÉMENTEAU's friends the Radicals. The General alone among Frenchmen could afford to dispense with the Chamber altogether. M. CLÉMENTEAU's plan would be hardly worth mentioning, except as a proof of the rooted incapacity of politicians of his type to recognize the obvious fact that the country is tired of them, and that the General has for the time being an enormous popularity. They may hang on like limpets for a time, but the water has fallen away from them, and drop off they must and will.

WHO COMMITTED THE EDLINGHAM BURGLARY?

MORE than one reader of a late trial at the Newcastle Assizes must have felt disposed to ask in the picturesque language, if ungrammatical, of Mr. BRET HARTE, "Are things what they seem, or is visions about?" Edlingham Vicarage is, we presume, a substantial structure, and, as Mr. Justice MANISTY was born there, it cannot be a creation of yesterday. There is a vicarage, and there was a burglary. These statements ought to be made firmly and repeatedly to himself by any one who embarks upon a study of the proceedings which came to an end last Saturday with the satisfactory acquittal of three policemen on an odious charge. Mr. Justice DENMAN's elaborate summing up of the evidence, which, though leaning very strongly in one direction, is not unfair, makes the story, if possible, more puzzling than ever. That some men did in the month of February and the year 1879 break into Edlingham Vicarage, in circumstances which constituted the crime of burglary, is perhaps the one fact in the case not open to dispute. Hitherto it has been supposed that there were not more than two of them. If there were four, many difficulties would be cleared away, though perhaps others would be substituted. In 1879 MURPHY and BRANNAGAN were convicted of the burglary, chiefly by the evidence of the police. In 1888 EDGELL (or EGDELL, for the uncertainty of the case pervades this matter also) and RICHARDSON were convicted of the same burglary, solely on their own confession. In 1889 HARRISON, GAIN, and SPROT, of the Northumberland police, have been found not guilty of conspiring to procure false evidence against BRANNAGAN and MURPHY. This last result will be welcomed by all good citizens, none the less so because when RICHARDSON and EDGELL first confessed, the conduct of the police had rather an ugly look. It turned out, however, that there was nothing against them at all, and that, whether they were right or wrong in their theories, they acted in perfectly good faith. They are probably glad, now all is over, that they were put upon their trial, and thus given the opportunity of demonstrating their innocence. Otherwise the prosecution cannot be easily justified. Mr. MATTHEWS was pressed in the House of Commons to order it by some of those members who are never so happy as when they are attacking the police. He delegated the question to the SOLICITOR for the TREASURY, the magistrates committed the men for trial, and the grand jury found a true bill. But not one shadow of legitimate suspicion survived thorough investigation, and the character of the Northumberland force, past and present, stands as high as it stood before.

Who did commit the Edlingham burglary? Mr. Justice DENMAN does not conceal his opinion that BRANNAGAN and MURPHY were the culprits after all. It seems hard that doubt should still be thrown upon the innocence of these men, after they have been pardoned, released, and compensated. But that is the fault of their friends, who insisted upon the prosecution of the police. Amateur detectives, with a turn for ostentatious philanthropy, usually contrive to do their clients more harm than good. The confession of EDGELL and RICHARDSON would have sufficed to procure the release of MURPHY and BRANNAGAN without the officious intervention of Mr. CONYBEARE. The self-constituted friends of Miss CASS, not satisfied with the vindication of her character, went on to demand the indictment of her accuser, ENDACOTT, for perjury. It at once appeared that the charge could not be sustained; and, although the man's innocence was really quite compatible with the woman's, those who had denied the compatibility found themselves in an awkward dilemma. Mr. Justice DENMAN pointed out, at great length and in much detail, the reasons against believing in the narrative of EDGELL and RICHARDSON. This is the most mysterious part of the story. If these men are innocent, why did they confess their guilt? An explanation is forthcoming, but it is far from adequate. The men, we are told, were induced to give themselves up by being told that, in "counsel's opinion," they could not be punished after the conviction of MURPHY and BRANNAGAN. But, even supposing this amazing fiction to have been concocted and swallowed, there was abundant time in which to explode it. EDGELL and RICHARDSON must have been brought before the magistrates, where sufficient evidence must have been given against them to warrant their committal. At the trial they pleaded "Guilty," though we can scarcely suppose that the consequences of such a plea had not been made

clear to them. Thirdly, after receiving sentence of five years' penal servitude, they appeared as witnesses at the trial of the constables, and once more asserted that they were the genuine burglars. Counsel for the defence were quite right to contend in the interest of their clients that BRANNAGAN and MURPHY were properly convicted, although it was not strictly necessary for them to prove so much. As our humble contribution to the question, of which no more is likely to be heard, we may suggest that the burglary was not committed by BRANNAGAN, or MURPHY, or RICHARDSON, or EDGELL, but by four other persons of the same name.

BALKAN POLITICS.

IT is an observed fact in the barometry of foreign politics that, when there is talk of meetings of Sovereigns, it is often equivalent to something like "set-fair" for the time. Unluckily, "the time" is in this particular sense a very vague and often a very short time. At present there is talk, not only as to whether the Emperor of GERMANY, who has visited most of the capitals of Europe, is or is not coming to London, but as to whether the Queen of ENGLAND will meet the Queen-Regent of SPAIN. The former question is rather a thorny one, for reasons quite other than the confident contradictions with which the retailers of backstairs tittle-tattle in certain newspapers meet each other. As to the latter, it may be admitted to be, if not a politically important, at any rate an historically, and in no bad sense sentimentally, interesting one. For centuries, owing to many different causes, there has been less intercourse between the Royal Houses of England and of Spain than between any two Royal Houses in Europe. But, as has been said, the interest here is non-political, and in the other case it is only political in part.

There is, however, no doubt that at the precise moment the chances of European complications appear to be generally regarded as less than they have for some time been—a fact which some interpreters would consider as pointing to the likelihood of very imminent explosion. Many different causes, great and small, have recently diverted the public mind a little from the uneasy contemplation of coming smash which has so long occupied it—causes varying from the domestic calamities of the House of Austria to the prospect of half a dozen more Ministries in as many months as part of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition. Yet no one of these things really affects the state of the case, which remains exactly as it has been for months—it may be said for years. The centre of danger, the Balkan Peninsula, remains as full of *cinis dolosus* as ever. The rumour that the CZAR of all the Russias intended to marry his son to the daughter (speaking without disrespect) of a kind of Balkan Highland "cock-laird" has died away. But the state of neither Servia nor Bulgaria is gracious. The curse of all petty States which have chosen to receive the PANDORA'S box of Parliamentary institutions—the curse of unstable parties below and weak rulers above—is on both. King MILAN, after attempting the old policy of choking the cat with cream, and meeting Radical demands by almost ultra-Radical concessions, is said to threaten abdication in favour of a boy who can have no personal influence whatever where his father has not very much. It is difficult to believe in the sincerity of the threat, though certainly royalty or principedom in a Balkan State is royalty reduced to its very lowest terms. But, if it were carried out, it is almost impossible that domestic anarchy should not follow, with perhaps a dynastic revolution, and pretty certainly the most dangerous contentions between the two Great Powers who respectively influence and covet influence in Servia. In Bulgaria things are different, but not better, save in one point—the point that the Bulgarians, unlike their neighbours, appear to have a genuine and sturdy determination to admit no foreign influence if they can possibly help it. But Prince FERDINAND does not seem to gain in that personal popularity without which no prince in such a situation can be regarded as safe; and his Ministers seem, where they possess ability, to suffer from that undue tendency to make the most of power, and thus to exacerbate adversaries, which is the special drawback of Ministers who are neither drawn from an aristocratic class nor supported by a regularly organized and stable party in the country. Fortunately the one great bond—the hearty hatred which the Russians excited during their occupation, nominal and real, of the country—still remains, and the remembrance of it is not

likely soon to fade from the tenacious Bulgarian temper. And, therefore, the expectations of those who thought that Bucharest would be a convenient centre for war correspondence during the spring may be disappointed a little longer.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT AND HIS OPPOSITE.

A COMPARISON between Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Lord HARTINGTON was absolutely forced on the reader of the daily paper who cared to read beyond the mere news on Thursday. Neither luck nor selection could have chosen two men to speak on the same day on the same subjects who would more surely have shown by precept and example the two extremes of the manner in which those subjects ought to be treated. At Derby its member spoke of what he ought to have left alone, and talked of what he was entitled to discuss in the worst possible manner. At Norwich Lord HARTINGTON declined to meddle with what it was unbecoming to comment on, and discussed legitimate subjects of debate like a man who has reasons for the faith that is in him. We do not suppose that any man who knew his member for Derby and his Separatist orator generally, expected Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to leave the Special Commission, and the flight of PIGOTT, alone. He might be trusted to make the most of them, and he did so in his own peculiar manner. It is his function in the Separatist party to discharge the duty of the Court servant who sounded the cockerow for the Royal Family. He fulfilled his not very exalted functions with more than his usual robustious zeal, sounding triumphant cock-a-doodles over a victory which is at least not yet quite won, and scattering accusations of which it is enough to say that he cannot possess a jot or tittle of evidence to support them. When a barrister is allowed to talk of foul conspiracies and to defy the judges in Court, it is perhaps hardly to be expected that another barrister who has taken wholly to politics should be more discreet in public speaking. But whether bad taste is natural or not, it is equally bad, and Sir WILLIAM's is very bad, and there is a great deal of it. His own side may, and apparently do, like his obstreperous whistling; but to the ordinary listener it sounds as if the member for Derby and his friends do still more than a little feel the need of something to keep their courage up withal.

All the first part of his speech was mere amplification of what is now the favourite form of interruption on his side—the word PIGOTT. When Sir WILLIAM got beyond it, and began to treat the Irish question at large, he again contrived to supply an excellent foil to Lord HARTINGTON. At Norwich the audience heard reasons for supporting the Union. They were not, and Lord HARTINGTON did not present them as, new, but they have never been controverted, and they cannot be too steadily impressed on the minds of voters. At Derby not one single reason, or colourable imitation of one, for accepting Home Rule was given or apparently expected. Sir WILLIAM never so much as made a pretence of trying to show that a practicable scheme of Home Rule could be constructed, or if constructed would be either necessary or desirable. In place of argument to this effect, he gave a long statement of his conviction that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had for a brief period, at any rate, been “another.” He gave his version of the history of the Round Table Conference, and then triumphantly asked Mr. CHAMBERLAIN what he proposed to do with Ireland. It is not our business to defend the member for Birmingham, who will now, no doubt, give his account of the Round Table, and who is amply capable of explaining that he is in no way bound to concoct any alternative to the absurd and now dead-and-buried scheme of Sir WILLIAM's friends. It is for those who undertook to supply Home Rule, who presented one scheme, and still profess to have another, to tell us what they propose to do—not for their critics. While a fuller answer than the one which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made in the House on Thursday night is on the way it is enough to point out that Sir WILLIAM's method in his speech is common to his whole party. When they are asked to prove that Home Rule is practicable, they reply that Mr. A, in his youth, once got up on the wrong side of a horse. When they are called upon to prove that Ireland, in the hands of the Nationalists, would not be a danger to this country, they answer that Lord B. C—once shot a hen sitting. It looks as if no amount of argument would make them understand that these are not reasons, and that if as many Mr.

CHAMBERLAINS as would form a line from the earth to the moon had once been more than half inclined to accept some form of Home Rule, it would not on that account be necessarily more acceptable. After all, not even the one Mr. CHAMBERLAIN we have did actually accept it. That this is not as obvious to some of the Separatist orators as to ourselves we are by no means sure. A few of them have shown they could reason, and in a world which is sufficiently censorious even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot have gained his dwindling, but not even yet wholly extinct, reputation for cleverness for no reason at all. If they give, instead of argument, only appeals to fear and despair, or rowdy personalities, it is not without cause. These things are used because they are the substitutes for the reasoning which the nature of the case does not permit to be used. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's function is to supply the personalities, and he does it in a loud, hearty, costermonger style. The work is poor enough, but it is better than the maundering and the spite of some of his colleagues. At least it makes a good rattling noise not unworthy of a man, and is not a pitiful whine.

LORD SALISBURY IN THE CITY.

IT is quite a relief at this moment of furiously exasperated political controversy to have the opportunity of reading speeches delivered at the same table by two such masters of after-dinner oratory as the PRIME MINISTER and Lord ROSEBURY. Our immediate concern, however, is not with the lively and good-humoured speech of the latter at the annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, further than to remark that it is fortunate that Lord ROSEBURY was called upon to follow the PRIME MINISTER rather than some of Lord ROSEBURY's distinguished colleagues. For we could name at least two of these eminent persons who would have been placed in a very embarrassing position by having, on an occasion on which party politics were nominally excluded, to speak after a Minister who had just referred to impending Ministerial proposals to place the commerce and industry of the country in safety by a liberal expenditure on naval defence. Mr. GLADSTONE's Foreign Secretary can, indeed, with a clear conscience, treat this as a subject removed from and raised above party controversy; but, if Mr. GLADSTONE himself be in a position to do so, we can only say that his remarks on this subject on the first night of the debate on the Address were singularly ill-conceived for the expression of the patriotic views which in that case must be supposed to animate him. “We recognize,” said Lord SALISBURY, “that, as time goes on and as inventions ‘advance and science gains strength, the conditions of our ‘defence from time to time are altered, and that it is no ‘answer to the claims of those who call on us for protection ‘to say that we expend as much on defence as our fathers ‘were wont to do. Dangers exist which did not exist in ‘old time.’ These are wise words, and Lord SALISBURY was no doubt justified in thinking that they are not contentious matter. But any one who will compare it with Mr. GLADSTONE's observations on the paragraph with reference to the national defences in the QUEEN's Speech will find a mighty difference between the two. The point of distinction between ourselves and ‘our fathers,’ which mainly attracts Mr. GLADSTONE's notice, is not that our expenditure is no greater than theirs, though our needs are more extensive, but that their regard for ‘economy’ was, judged by these official utterances, more marked than our own.

In the earlier part of the PRIME MINISTER's speech he dealt with a subject which he is argumentatively, indeed, entitled to treat as neutral, but which is only so in a sense very inconvenient for his political opponents. The question of commercial treaties has in truth for the Liberal party a somewhat uncomfortable side. It must, for instance, have been rather unpleasant for any starchy orthodox Free-trader among Lord SALISBURY's audience to find himself confronted with the constantly put, but terribly awkward, dilemma that, to obtain commercial concessions from foreign countries, you must have some advantage to promise them, or some disadvantage to threaten them with, and that the thoroughgoing Free-trader, having reduced his tariffs to a vanishing point, has little to offer, and, being in principle opposed to retaliation, has nothing to threaten. Some of Lord SALISBURY's hearers, indeed, were so irritated at the *impasse* into which he had dialectically led them, that they

boldly sought an exit through the wall of economical orthodoxy, and cried "No, no!" when the PRIME MINISTER observed that retaliation was impossible; whereupon Lord SALISBURY, with a humorously ready appreciation of the difficulty, passed away from what was evidently, he said, a burning question. No doubt, however, it was only a few backsliders who uttered this heterodox exclamation. The more faithful Free-traders in the company were content, perhaps, to solace themselves with pensive reflection on this unforeseen consequence of their initial act of economical infidelity in assenting to the principle of commercial treaties at all. "Do not," said the precisians who flourished before the CORDEN Treaty, "do not bargain with other nations for the reduction of your tariffs, for thereby you will be teaching your own people the first lesson in Protectionism, that a reduction of tariffs is not an advantage in itself to the people whose trade it relieves, but a concession to be purchased from them by a consideration from some other State." The apprehension of this result of the policy of negotiating commercial treaties has never, it is needless to say, been realized; but another and unconsidered mischief has, in fact, resulted from it. The process of reducing tariffs for reduction's sake, and without any equivalent concession from foreign countries, has gone on unchecked; but the bargaining operations have gone on also, and now that the pinch of hostile duties, as to which the early Free-traders expressed so lofty an indifference, is beginning to be felt, as much anxiety to conclude favourable commercial treaties with foreign Powers is evinced by Liberal as by Conservative Governments. Whereby it has come about that the party which is most deeply pledged by its principles against anything approaching to a policy of retaliation now finds itself in the rather ridiculous position of men who approve of this practice of commercial bargaining with their neighbours, while they strongly disapprove of the adoption of the only means which would enable them to bargain on anything like equal terms.

THE RUSH FOR RUBIES.

WHEN SIR EPICURE MAMMON declared that he could, by means of "the perfect Ruby, which we call 'Elixir,' make of an old man a child, his friend SURLY replied, "No doubt; he is that already." The crowd that filled St. Swithin's Lane on Wednesday, and compelled Lord ROTHSCHILD to enter his offices by a ladder, displayed a good deal of the enthusiasm and faith that usually belong to the young. The scene, however, could have surprised no one except the superior person whose mind soars far above Ruby Mines. Human nature being what it is, nothing could be more natural than the rush of would-be investors in the 200,000 *l.* shares of the Burmah Ruby Mines Company (Limited). All that is known and everything that has been rumoured of the Burmese mines, both before and since the formation of the Company, have stimulated the public imagination to the utmost. Nor is it necessary, from a spectator's point of view, to assume that the whole multitude that clamoured at Messrs. ROTHSCHILD'S gates was possessed solely by a Mammonite spirit. The disinterested and curious may well have been attracted by the mere prestige which many circumstances have contributed to the Burmah mines. The public excitement is, of course, accurately accounted for by the extraordinary premiums to which the 99,000 shares originally allotted at par had risen even before the issue of a prospectus. The one thousand Founders' shares rose proportionately. The very prospectus sold at fancy prices. There was more than enough of speculation before Wednesday to fire the souls of investors. There were incitements enough, moreover, as far as the public is concerned, prior to the existence of the Company. It is all very well to say that a mine is a lottery, but in this very fact lies the fascination that most people acknowledge, whether they invest or not. The element of the unknown in mining enterprises is not less attractive than that which is known. The history of mines offers instances of sudden, and even unexpected, productiveness, such as surpass the visions of avarice. The rarity of such examples has done as little to abate the charm as the innumerable failures that have ruined thousands. Mines of precious stones are dazzling to contemplate, in fact or romance. They hardly need a prospectus to allure susceptible mankind. But better than all others is the mine that has a history of some sort, be it even as the annals of Kôr, or as much a portion of the dead past as the bones of

the Incas. The Ruby Mines of Burmah possess a very respectable past. They are of considerable, perhaps of vast, antiquity. They may have yielded fabulous wealth through centuries gone by, though nothing is known of their annual product in olden times. Those who might have supplied this useful information forgot to keep, or to preserve, any records at Mandalay. There may be shareholders of the new Company who do not regret this negligence. It enhances the glorious uncertainty of the venture. If the past has been gorgeous, why should not the future—with its improved appliances and thrice-stimulated energy—altogether transcend the most glowing dreams of the youth of the Ruby Mines? Perhaps that pretty yield of 80,000 *l.* worth of rubies, which Mr. STREETER reported as shipped from Rangoon in one year, may soon be computed to be a trivial tribute to courageous shareholders.

The element of uncertainty is too important to be ignored in criticizing either the financial aspects of the scheme or the relative confidence shown by its promoters on the one side and the shareholders on the other. Nothing is easier than to moralize on the fury of speculation, and its contagious influence on the public. To preach caution to the investor is futile. The cautious investor is practically non-existent when a mine is in view. He sees nothing but the easy road to Sir EPICURE MAMMON'S rich Peru. He had no time to be cautious if he desired to put his money in the Burmah Mines. To a large number of people the risk of mining undertakings is generally more than outweighed by the brighter side of the uncertainty. If the investor would act, he must act speedily, and in the inspiring company of a multitude possessed with his own sanguine impulses. Who can be cautious with a Ruby Mine of seductive antecedents before him? Of course he ought to strictly meditate the prospectus, and consult his broker, and glean all the information possible. But often enough there is absolutely nothing to learn. A mine in a remote and almost unknown country must necessarily long remain a mystery to all but a very limited number of persons. The very journals to which investors look for information, if not for guidance, publish reports that are frequently too vague or too technical to benefit the general public. The average investor probably understands nothing whatever of the various mining processes, the cost of efficient working, and a dozen other material questions. He has still less knowledge of precious stones, and how or where they are obtained. For all he knows, they may decorate the interior of mountains, like plums in a cake, to be haled from their dark recesses by a process as simple as that employed by SINDBAD. Much more deplorable than the general ignorance of the subject is the fact that the warnings of bitter experience in the past appear to be ineffective.

REFORMING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT cannot be said with truth that there is any popular discontent with the House of Lords, or that any considerable number of men wish for its suppression on grounds of reason and expediency. Outcry there is against it from time to time, no doubt; but in every case the clamour proceeds from party passion, is provoked by party disappointment, and precisely corresponds to the ever-recurring cries of "Out with the Government!" and "Down with the Opposition!" There is no such thing, and in our time there never has been any such thing, as general distrust of the House of Lords as part of the legislative machinery of the Empire; and, though on more than one occasion a certain set of men have been provoked by its debates or its decisions to rail against its existence, just as many times have we heard an outcry against the other House—an outcry with the same meaning and to the same effect. The majority inside there will not allow the complainants to have their own way; by speech and act it proves itself a House that ought to be filled by a totally different set of men, in order that the real wishes of the country may be carried out and its welfare secured. That is what the clamour really comes to whenever the House of Lords is attacked; and it happens that at this moment an outcry of exactly the same origin and precisely the same meaning is being raised against the House of Commons. But in no case is the uproar misunderstood. The response to it has always been feeble—more feeble, indeed, than might be expected of partisanship itself in its more feverish hours of excitement. And, fortunately for the House of Lords, though not for the country at large, if the present state of things at West-

minster is to continue long, attention has been drawn very forcibly of late in another direction. It is some years since a certain autumn Session, which was to have been set apart for the settlement of new rules of procedure for the House of Commons, was in fact devoted by Mr. GLADSTONE to an attack on the House of Lords, accompanied by a grand "campaign" conducted from a hundred platforms in the provinces. To the surprise of its organizers, to the deep disappointment of all the SCHNADHORSTS of the period, the indoor attack was a failure and the outdoor campaign a "fizzle." Somewhere in the recesses of its confused though mighty mind, the Public had a conviction stored that the House of Lords might as well be let alone; and this conviction was expressed in stolid, silent, absolute refusal to be roused against it. Since then no one of any consequence has thought it worth while to renew the agitation; and meantime it is not that House, but the other, which has sunk into disgrace. The country has no more reason to be satisfied with the House of Lords now than it had ten years ago; but comparison with the other is at all times unavoidable; and so low has the Commons House fallen, so fast does it decline from all that gives authority to such a Chamber and gains respect for it, that the merits of the Upper House shine out more clearly. They may pretend astonishment when the fact is told, but every down-with-the-House-of-Lords legislator must be aware that some men who are reckoned among the most reasonable and impartial are already looking to the House of Lords as the only guarantee against the ruin of Parliamentary government; such disorders have been introduced into it of late by the intemperance of the representative Assembly. So it is, however; and though they may not be much affected by a fact for which their minds afford no standing-room, the GRAHAMS and CONYBEARES of that House may rely upon it that this view of the matter is becoming more common every day.

We take it, then, that the House of Lords is tolerably safe against attack as an institution. But it is not above reproach. Certain defects in it there are that may be enlarged upon with more than the captivating plausibility which suffices for some reformers; and since those defects can be removed without impairing in any degree the principles upon which the House is founded, it is a pity that they should be allowed to fill the mouths of its enemies any longer. One effective cry is that any raw boy of twenty-one may take a seat in the House of Lords, and pit his vote against that of the most experienced member of it. How much may be made of that insult to the elected representatives of the people need not be described. It has been the text of a thousand harangues, furious or sarcastic; and they tell. It is of little use to point out that the number of men who enter the House of Lords on attaining their majority is few by comparison, and that, of those who do, many leave the voting as well as the speaking to their elders. Palliations of that kind never count for much. But the fact that few young men would be kept out of the House if none were allowed to vote till they were twenty-five or twenty-seven years old reduces their temporary exclusion to a matter of very small consequence. Moreover it is true that at twenty-one even the best of them would be better employed in study, in travel, in "seeing the world"; or, if they could gain the favour of any constituency, they might enjoy the advantage of apprenticeship in the House of Commons. Apparently, then, this change might be made without fear of any one of the disadvantages that do sometimes embarrass the reform of old institutions; while it would silence one of the most formidable complaints against the House of Lords. But there is another more formidable still; that to which LORD CARNARVON called attention in the House of Lords on Thursday evening. His Lordship proposed that means should be taken to exclude from the division lobbies of the House of Lords men who from their known character are a disgrace to it; and it is to be hoped that this will be done. Lord SALISBURY and Lord COWPER said very truly that the number of these men are few at all times. There are as many "black sheep" in the House of Commons—which is a representative assembly, and from which any notorious evildoer may be expelled—as there are in the House of Lords; but the fact that every member of the Lower House is liable to expulsion by his constituents or by the House itself makes all the difference. A peer may be utterly and notoriously corrupt; he may be all that is comprehended in the emphatic word "blackguard"; his very presence may be offensive to every honest man; nevertheless, he is a

peer, and therefore may take an equal part with the best in the legislation of the Empire. It is true, no doubt, that men of this character do in almost every case keep clear of the Chamber they are conscious of disgracing; but, as we are all aware, they are not invariably so considerate, and perhaps they should not be allowed choice whether they will or will not fix their own dishonour on such an Assembly. The remedy here, perhaps, is a small Committee which shall have power to suspend any member of the House who, in their opinion, would be expelled from any decent club, or turned out of the army for "conduct unworthy of an officer" and a gentleman." There may be no pressing need of making this reform, no present clamour for it, no very "shocking example" to point its necessity. But when done we may all say it is well done; and it seems pretty clear, from the conversation in the House of Lords yesterday evening, that before long the most reasonable and most telling of all the accusations that are ever levelled at that Assembly will be disposed of.

Of course, it must never be supposed that any reform that left the House of Lords standing would satisfy the modern Radical. Indeed, he makes no secret of his longing *not* to improve the constitution of the House. His purpose is not to reform, but destroy. His real grievance against it is, that it stands in the way of "sweeping changes," which will be long delayed unless they can be rushed through a single legislative Chamber in one Session; and, therefore, any reform that strengthened the House in the confidence of the country would be no pleasure to him. We may take it, then, that the better way of hampering his design is to reduce it to nakedness, by purging the House of every offence that he can allege against it, except the offence of its existence to worry him. That is what we should aim at any way. Complete success is not to be expected, perhaps; but much will be done if the only faults which, so far, have been useful to the House of Lords' abolitionist are well mended.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

IN the course of Mr. BALFOUR's spirited and warmly-applauded reply to Mr. MORLEY on last Monday night—the night, we mean, on which he seemed to the veracious Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be "writhing," and to be "chilled" "by the coldness of his reception"—he performed one of those dexterous feats of disputative rhetoric of which he is a master, and which commonly lead, whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has noticed it or not, to a good deal of "writhing" on the Opposition benches. By a quietly satirical remark on the fact that Mr. MORLEY had dropped the more extravagant charges of "brutality," "cruelty," "cynical savagery," and so forth, which were levelled against him during the recess, the CHIEF SECRETARY elicited from below the gangway the incautious interjection, "You shall have them yet"; whereto Mr. BALFOUR promptly replied, "Quite so; you put up your leader to state the indictment against the Government; but you wait to make your charges until the CHIEF SECRETARY, the man implicated, has spoken, and sat down, and has no further power of reply." The hit was a fair one—how fortunate it is, by-the-bye, for Mr. BALFOUR that even while he is "writhing" he should have his wits as much about him as this!—and it does not seem to us to have been very effectively parried (what does Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT think?) by "Opposition cries of 'Oh! Oh!'" But we are inclined to hold that the practice of which Mr. BALFOUR complains is in no degree detrimental to the cause which he advocates, and even, indeed, that it has its conveniences from a public point of view. It is very desirable that the charges which pass current in the recess should undergo some sort of revision before they are formally presented in Parliament, and the mere fact that the Opposition leaders are not likely to "edit" them with excessive severity lends particular significance to any examples of the process of elision. The public must be perfectly well aware that if Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. MORLEY come to the conclusion that any particular accusation against Mr. BALFOUR is "not good enough" for repetition by them from their places in the House it must, considered as a piece of mendacity, be indeed mountainous in its grossness, a perfect marvel of palpability. Consequently the public are well pleased to have the indictment lightened by the exclusion of these avowedly untenable counts, and need pay no attention to the fact of their being reinserted by the less scrupulous

pleaders below the gangway. They are entitled to regard Mr. MORLEY's speech—or the speech of any Opposition leader charged with the introduction of such a motion as his—as containing the entire Gladstonian case against the Ministerial policy in Ireland; and to reject the utterances of the HEALYS, the DILLONS, if not, indeed, of the TREVELYANS and the SHAW LEFEVRES, as so much purely calumnious surplussage—too plainly at variance with the truth to be decently patronized by the responsible leaders of the party. No doubt it follows from this that debates of this kind might just as well be confined to one speech from the front Opposition Bench and the Minister's reply to it. That is true; and some day perhaps the truth, with all its promises of relief, will flash upon the English mind, like the open window upon the long-detained prisoner.

Perhaps the present debate is as well calculated to bring it home to the popular perception as any. For it has been in its later developments idler and emptier, a more patent and flagrant waste of public time on the rearguing of exhausted issues, than any similar debate which has preceded it. There was not even the variety of malicious misrepresentation about it which has characterized earlier attacks upon Mr. BALFOUR's administration of Ireland. One almost regretted the time when an Opposition orator could at least pass lightly from "MANDEVILLE" to "Mitchelstown," and from KINSELLA to Killeagh. But now it is *toujours culottes*. It is the monotonously unvarying chant of that twenty-times-recited epic, the Distrousering of O'BRIEN. For, although Mr. MORLEY discreetly dropped the charges of wanton cruelty and brutality in connexion with that operation, and left it to Mr. DILLON to rehearse his imprisoned colleague's account of the incident at portentous length, the fact that Mr. O'BRIEN had been distrousered, and that Mr. This and Mr. That have experienced similar treatment, and that Mr. Tother had been subjected to the "indignity" of having his beard clipped, was really the staple of Mr. MORLEY's charge that the administration of the law in Ireland is "harsh, oppressive, and unjust." These facts, and the old, old fallacies about "political prisoners" furnish forth the whole of the Opposition speeches, and are paraded up and down, by speaker after speaker, in brazen defiance of the fact that they have been answered and brushed aside a score of times by the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND. Groundless, however, as the whole series of accusations is, the charge of "injustice" is the most glaringly absurd of all, and the most daringly preposterous in the mouths of men who are passionately contending—on the lines laid down by their leader a few months ago—for differential penalties as between the coat of broadcloth and the coat of frieze. It is idle for Mr. DILLON to declare that it is on the character of the offences and not on the position of the offenders that he grounds his plea for special indulgence, and that he would have every one who has been convicted under the Crimes Act, whatever his station, treated differently from an ordinary criminal. The facts do not support the assertion in any way. Mr. DILLON's solicitude for the humbler "victims of coercion" is purely theoretical. He must be perfectly well aware that there are scores of Irish peasants now lying in gaol for following the advice which they have received from Mr. O'BRIEN; but has the martyr of Tullamore and Clonmel ever uttered, in the intervals of his struggles with his warders for the retention of his clothes, a single protest against the harsh and oppressive measure of compelling these political prisoners to assume the prison dress? The whole agitation, as Colonel SAUNDERSON well said in his capital speech, is theatrical from first to last, and it is now being played with a whole nation virtually admitted behind the scenes. The carpenters and the trapdoors, the ropes and the pulleys are all plainly visible—have been so for months past, and the public are beginning to yawn over the performance. Mr. MORLEY and his friends of the Front Opposition Bench and below the gangway appear to have forgotten that the O'BRIEN farce was played a year ago without obtaining any extraordinary measure of success; and why they should suppose that a community which received that particular piece of histrionics with much composure should be excited to foolish indignation by its repetition we are at a loss to imagine.

The public, not to say the Imperial, necessity of enabling Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE to put himself in evidence is no doubt the sufficient excuse for that statesman's seizing upon a late afternoon hour on Wednesday in order that he might have an opportunity of talking out the debate on that day and resuming the next afternoon—thus virtually bestowing a

double dose of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN aptly called his "pains-taking intellect" on the House. His performance, we may at once say, was quite equal to that with which he favoured the House after his visit to the Woodford evictions. Indeed, in respect of one argumentative gem, it surpassed the earlier effort. We refer to the passage in which he ridiculed the offer to Mr. EDWARD HARRINGTON of a remission of his sentence if he would promise not to repeat his offence—it being a "perfect mockery," Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE argued, to propose humiliating conditions of that kind at a time when the "feeling of the country" was so strongly adverse to obeying the law. Another point of much interest in the speech, from an autobiographical point of view, was the orator's declaration that, "if he could render any assistance to the CLANRICARDE tenants" "by going among them and holding meetings to protest against these cruel evictions, he should feel it his duty to do so, and he should give the tenants whatever advice might seem pertinent to the occasion." We hope that he will at the same time, as he did in his former expedition of the same kind, give Mr. BALFOUR such information and such undertakings of good behaviour as may seem pertinent to the occasion. He has not Mr. WILFRID BLUNT's pretty turn for lyrics, and could not possibly make the same use of a term of imprisonment—as indeed, to do him justice, his precautions prove him to be well aware—for the enrichment of English poetical literature. He was unfortunate on Thursday night in being followed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who made in every way the best speech that had been delivered from his side of the House—indeed the only speech, we may say, which showed any perception of the fact that the repeal of the Union ought not exactly to depend on the length of Mr. CAREW's beard or the cut and colour of the clothes in which Mr. O'BRIEN is attired in prison. That it was full of hard hits at many people who deserve the hardest hitting we need hardly say. But the speech had a great deal more than this, and it was melancholy to note how the subsequent debate, in spite of a well-meant effort of Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's to recall it to the true point, was allowed to drift into the platitudes of Mr. REID and the brutalities, but feebly corrected, we must say, by the Chair—of the "hon. and learned" member for Longford.

COMPREHENSIONALLY.

IT may not be generally known that there was recently current a monthly journal which advocated Comprehensionism. It was published, edited, and apparently written by Mr. F. J. WILSON, the Comprehensionist. He brought it out, at the low price of sixpence, without much hope of making proselytes, and we are driven to the sad conclusion that he did not make any. A principal reason why he was not sanguine was that he could not "get people to see that Red means *personality*," and Yellow and Blue other attributes. It appears only too certain that his forebodings were justified, because his magazine, which was entitled *New Ideas*, only ran through three numbers. The scheme of it was that any one who thought proper could send to the office a "post-paid letter enclosing an idea," where it would be received by Mr. WILSON, and "acknowledged if required." It is to be feared that not many letters with ideas in them were sent, for after publishing three numbers of *New Ideas* at considerable expense, Mr. WILSON brought the enterprise to a termination. One comprehensive enterprise which it had embodied was, however, too precious to be abandoned, and that was the explanation on comprehensionist principles of the famous lines touching "The House that Jack Built," and the malt, rat, cat, dog, cow, maiden, man, and priest, indissolubly connected therewith in the public mind. The three numbers had not exhausted the epic, and Mr. WILSON has, therefore, with the assistance of Mr. W. REEVES, of Fleet Street, republished the whole series of *New Ideas* in a neat volume, together with the conclusion of "The House that Jack Built," as it might have appeared in Nos. 4, 5, and 6, if the public at large had been more ready to admit that Red means personality and the other truths of Comprehensionism.

"The House that Jack Built" was edited in *New Ideas* (with pictures of startling merit and originality) less for its own sake than "as an illustration of the Consecutive for the Evolution of an idea and its involution to heredity," and "for an appropriate skeleton in associative clothelement for the *dénouement* of a Comprehensionist, as the progeny of

"the sympathetic couple, immortalized in this nursery novel." Each episode in the poem is separately commented upon, and its true inwardness made manifest. It is made the occasion of uttering far more wisdom than there is room even to hint at here; but a brief indication of the Comprehensionist explanation of each line may be attempted. "Jack is, of course, the familiar appellation of John Bull; and the 'House that John Bull has built represents the possessions of the British Empire.' 'The Malt 'that lay in 'the house' is the symbol of the drink of the Englishman.' 'The Rat here represents the overrunning starved population.' 'The Cat may represent that wide class of middlemen who take contracts, sublet dwellings, and offer starvation wages.' 'The Dog here represents the whole host of officialism. . . . The Dog also represents the DOGBERRY's [sic] of Justice. . . . The Dog also represents the Political Economists who glorify a gold circulation as the standard of national prosperity.' 'The Cow here represents the (should-be) Co-operative Societies of the agricultural, manufacturing, and mining interests . . . whose horn is not exalted, but crumpled by Free-trade.' 'The Maiden here represents the suppressed freedom of the nation, the great body of female workers for the wealth of England.' 'The Man all tattered and torn here appropriately symbolizes the sad class of discouraged geniuses.' 'The Priest is here the symbol of the morality of the past, which was the inculcation of despair, wrought upon by terror.' 'The Cock here represents the warning of St. PETER, and appropriate in our steeples, which would crow [clever steeples!] a triadic clarion to the purblind serfdom of inconsequent thought."

The whole ballad therefore, translated into terms of Comprehensionism, would run somewhat in the following manner:—

This is the warning of St. Peter, and appropriate in our steeples, which
crowed in the morn,
And woke the morality of the past, which was the inculcation of despair,
all shaven and shorn,
And married the sad class of discouraged geniuses, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the great body of female workers for the wealth of England,
all forlorn,
That milked the [should be] Co-operative Societies with the Free-trade-
crumpled horn,
That tossed the Political Economists [or] the Dogberry's of Justice [or]
the whole host of officialism,
That worried the wide class of middlemen who take contracts, sublet
dwellings, and offer starvation wages,
That killed the overrunning starved population,
That ate the drink of the Englishman,
That lay in the possessions of the British Empire,
That Jack Bull built.

It is a pretty song, but somehow does not seem to go so nicely to the tune in *The Yeomen of the Guard* as the old version. This translation should suffice to show the interest and importance of Comprehensionism. There is much more about it in Mr. WILSON's book, and it is a pity that our space does not permit of its further explanation here.

FORESTRY.

THE word "forest" had, as is well known, originally, and by survival has still in some cases, little or nothing to do with trees. Now only a lawyer or a historian can think of a forest without thinking also of trees; and the word has become so associated with trees that forestry, though once meaning the privileges of a Royal forest, now means the art—and science too, for that matter—of tree-cultivation. The modern meaning of the word must perforce be adopted, history and the law notwithstanding, because it has been appropriated by the public to denote tree-cultivation in woods and plantations, either for use or beauty—in this instance use and beauty luckily going very much hand in hand. Anyhow, it is better than arboriculture.

England is still happily a much-wooded country, thanks to the taste and pursuits of the country gentleman. The farmer dislikes trees, and would cut them all down to make gates and shovel-handles of them if he could, in a shortsighted utilitarian spirit, the shortness of sight corresponding, perhaps, with the length of his lease. But here science may step in and say that climate and water supply are much affected by trees, which are a protection against both floods and droughts, and cannot safely be sacrificed to the exigencies of the moment. It is pleasant to see an article in the last number of the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, 1888, Part II., on Forestry—an indication that, in stress of agriculture, refuge may be found in forest trees as well as fruit trees.

The importation of wood in this country for innumerable purposes is a vast trade. This wood is brought from primeval forests; in other words, it is the wood of trees that have not been planted by man, but of trees grown from the seed sown by

nature's own hands. The great masts of the Douglas pine and the pitch pine, to equal which the tallest pine hewn on Norwegian hills were but a wand, the teak, the green-heart, the mahogany, the walnut, and the common deal, cut from the various pines of Canada, Sweden, Norway, Russia, &c., with many others, are well known. These have all grown of themselves without the aid of forestry, have been merely cut down, hewn or sawn, and shipped away. The question arises, what forestry is to do to equal nature, or to surpass her, in producing wood for useful purposes? A mast is grown in a dense forest, drawn up with a crowd of other trees, the lateral branches dropping off in their youth, and leaving a clean stem without a knot. The most vigorous trees, in the struggle for existence, crowd out the rest, performing the office of natural selection; but these masterful trees would not be so fine or so valuable if there were room for their lateral branches to flourish, and they grow from the top only, where there is just room and no more, tapering away to the skies. This offers a great contrast to forestry, with its thinning, lopping, and pruning, correcting nature at every stage. Some crooked oaks are valuable for their crookedness; but they would occupy much space, and the straight piece without a knot, which means without a branch—for a knot is where a branch has been—is the valuable timber. Forestry first supersedes nature in the sowing of the seeds in a nursery, where seedlings are transplanted once or twice before they are ready for the plantation, and it may well be doubted if this be an improvement on nature, to begin with. Forestry then proceeds to the selection of the land, the soil, and the aspect, and there again supersedes natural selection in a way that suggests the question whether science has as yet discovered the principles on which nature has acted. The plantation is then made, and nature is by no means followed in the selection of trees. It has been the custom to plant together a variety of trees, native or otherwise, whether for ornament or profit it is not easy to say, and this branch of forestry has certainly not been adequately studied. The nursery gardener has undertaken to plant by contract, and has recommended an assortment of great variety, such as he has been in the habit of growing—oak, ash, beech, Spanish chestnut, with Scotch fir, silver fir, spruce, and the perky larch, all intermixed with some degree of regularity, and planted very properly at equal distances apart. There is no science and very little art in this; but it is the sort of forestry that has hitherto prevailed. The fir tribe, as evergreens, are planted for a protection to the others; and, after the lapse of a few years, thinning in a casual way begins, with no particular object in view. It is a question for forestry as an art to decide whether thinning and pruning should be performed with a certain definite object—say, the growth of a particular tree for a particular purpose—or whether, after the required tree is planted, Nature should be left to her own devices to draw the trees up in long bare poles, crowded together, making in that way the most valuable timber, and letting a thick mass of undergrowth encompass the lower stem of the trees, protecting the roots from drought, keeping the young trees steady in wind, and shedding manure on the soil. It may be said that this undergrowth of native plants would take more from the soil than it would shed; but if it is cut and carried away, there is much more taken from the soil than there would be if it were left. If the lower branches die young from crowding, and much of the undergrowth die in the same way, this, with the annual fall of the leaf, will form a rich manure for the successful trees, and a fine deep soil is the result. Art skilfully applied with the aid of science can transcend nature; but it cannot be said that forestry has reached this pitch of perfection, and as yet the primeval forests have never been rivalled.

Another question of forestry arises on the present method of planting an assortment of trees, and here the effect on the picturesque may also be considered. Take, for example, such useful trees as the oak, the ash, the Spanish chestnut, and the larch—would it not be better forestry to make plantations of each separately in suitable situations on suitable soil than to lump them together on a piece of waste land with the usual evergreen fir tribe to protect them in their youth? As to beauty, is not a mass of oak foliage, of which we see so much in parts of England, more picturesque than the conglomeration of all sorts in a modern plantation? The English oak, indigenous to the land, is one of the handsomest of trees, and the wood is one of the most useful; the pity of it is that it takes so long to grow. But if planted with the beech, which is a dominant tree and will out-grow and thrust aside any other, it has not a chance. What we suggest for consideration in scientific forestry is, that separate plantations should be made of each tree required for useful purposes; and that nature's forestry in pruning and thinning is better than labour bestowed in cutting and lopping with axe and bill. A good belt of hardy *Pinus austriaca* on the side most exposed to the blast of the prevailing wind would probably be a far better shelter than the usual nurseryman's mixture.

There are thousands of acres in England of oak coppice, the bark of which has been used for centuries in tanning leather, and the wood for making charcoal before the coal-fields were developed. This is probably among the oldest of still existing industries, and is a branch of forestry by itself. The coppice is cut every fifteen or twenty years, according to the growth in favourable or unfavourable situations; and when half grown it is often shredded—that is, all other growth is cut and taken away, leaving only such of the oak as will pay best at maturity. These coppices are probably the remnants of the natural oak-forests of the country.

Since the introduction of valonia for tanning the value of coppices, usually sold by the acre, has fallen considerably. The densely-wooded valleys, with their coppice and crag and the brawling stream below, can be reckoned amongst the finest scenery in England. A similar Spanish-chestnut coppice, of younger growth, is used for making hoops, and a much shorter time is required for this faster-growing tree.

It were long to tell of the various uses of the various trees:—the oak, for its durability and strength, for shipbuilding, and many other things besides, is a well-known favourite; the ash, for the shafts of carts and the handles of tools, known for its toughness; the elm for coffins, durable in trying circumstances; the beech for wedges; the birch for many things besides brooms and teaching little boys; the larch for telegraph-poles, hurdles, &c., the most durable of all fast-growing trees. But in all cases the time required for a tree to be useful, and therefore to make any return to the planter, is a very serious consideration in forestry. A larch plantation may be cut in twenty-five years from the date of planting, and make a fair return to those who can wait so long. The slower-growing trees—the monarch of all, the oak—how long can they be waited for? The calculators of interest and compound interest would not approve of forestry, and the wood of the country must depend on those who, having inherited the use and the beauty from their forefathers, feel it a duty and a pleasure to provide woods and forests for the generations to come. But this is a sorry argument to address to the modern speculator.

It may be said in favour of mixed planting that the quicker-growing trees may be thinned out, one after another, leaving the slower ones to make their slower returns. The quality of the wood, however, would not be so good; and in the case of that very useful and quick-growing larch, a thick plantation left to itself to grow into long bare poles for twenty-five years, with no labour expended on it, would pay best. We do not venture to settle questions of forestry, they must be left to the coming experts; we only suggest points requiring full consideration.

Planting for ornament is a fine and fashionable pursuit, and of late years numberless varieties of trees from all countries and climates have been introduced. The Conifere, especially, of all kinds have been freely planted, some to succeed, very many to fail and to disappoint. In a lifetime a man may find out a tree or two, grand and handsome in their maturity, which flourish on his land. But he plants many, exceedingly pretty and promising when young, which as they advance in years show that they languish in a foreign country, and present miserable contrasts to the splendid parent trees from which the traveller has brought the seed. In ornamental planting, except where a mass of thick covert is required for the picturesque, a tree should have plenty of room to display its proportions and full growth. It is astonishing what a common larch will do if let alone to itself. And there is the Scotch fir—what handsome tree is there, after it has put off its childish ways of growing, and has assumed its adult form, with its red bark, and fine spreading head of rich dark green? Man has used wood of all sorts for an infinite variety of special purposes, and he cannot be otherwise than an admirer of the living tree, a forester by nature.

SOME LETTERS.

IF there be left a spark of humour anywhere in the Gladstonian party, that spark must have been kindled to a glow, half of amusement and half of shame, by the two sets of letters which were printed in the *Times* of Monday last—the first a correspondence between Lord Spencer and Lord Harris; the second an epistle, with inclosures, from Mr. Gladstone to the Editor. In order of time, if not in order of richness, Lord Spencer's contribution comes first. It is well known that the Society called the Primrose League has caused dolours infand to Gladstonians, and that they have sought a slight alleviation of these woes by ascribing to it wicked practices akin to those of Irishmen. Indeed, the stock comparison was the cause of that lie direct which Mr. Gladstone is apparently bearing with such Christian patience from Mr. Arthur Balfour. Lord Spencer, however, is an innocent man (though Mr. O'Brien used not to think so), and he put the charge the other day at Reading in a form more easy to grapple with than usual, by saying that he "detested boycotting [most of his party are quite fond of it], whether it was boycotting by the Primrose League or boycotting in Ireland." Now Lord Harris, who enjoys the dread position of Chairman of the Grand Council of the League, is young and adventurous, and a remarkably good cricketer withal, and he was not likely to miss this opportunity of getting the Red Earl to stop a ball with his leg instead of his bat, or not stop it at all. So he politely requested Lord Spencer, giving him a definition of boycotting from Mr. Gladstone's own sacred lips, to state specifically the grounds of his charge of combined intimidation, not by individual members, but by the League as a League. To which Lord Spencer had to reply that he did not charge the League, as a League, with boycotting (which, by the way, he had done), and that he was quite ignorant of its constitution (which it might have been well to ascertain before making charges against it). But Lord Harris was politely dissatisfied even with this victory over his superior in the peerage. He wanted to know whether Lord Spencer charged either the League

or its members with boycotting even in the minor sense; and, if so, what the instances were. To which Lord Spencer, as might have been foreseen, had to reply that he had got no cases to quote, but that it was "very generally believed" that members of the League boycotted in the minor sense, by exclusive dealing and social isolation. In other words, Lord Spencer, making charge of a criminal offence against a large number of gentlemen and ladies, confesses that he does it on no evidence at all.

It is not necessary to go much further. It is, indeed, pretty certain that, if any individual Primrose Leaguers have done unwise things, the unwise things have been as different as possible from the things done in Ireland. But here we have Lord Spencer speaking by his own confession without being able to quote instances of even this unwisdom. It is a very general practice in small communities to give custom and such favours as the giver may have at disposal rather to persons with whom he or she agrees in politics or religion than to others; and from this to boycotting, in the ghastly Irish sense, which makes existence a burden where it does not, as it sometimes does, make it physically impossible, there is an infinite distance. Yet Lord Spencer cannot support his vague slander with even the minor instances. He goes to common fame (which, as it has been rather bluntly, but truly enough, remarked, is a common liar), and he does not even produce any evidence that it is common fame. And this is, perhaps, the most thoroughly respectable and one of the most eminent of a party which is in shrieking hysterics at accusations brought against the Irish Parnellites. We are quite ready, however, to admit that there is a disagreeable side in this part of the fun, even to Unionists. The amount of what we believe is called in the circles most familiar with it "moral poison" which must be about when a man like Lord Spencer, whom every one but Mr. O'Brien and those about him has always considered an English gentleman of the best type, can behave in such a fashion is really rather alarming. That to make an accusation which you have no ground for thinking to be true is only technically distinguishable from making an accusation which you know to be false is a proposition which some brief three years or so ago Lord Spencer would have as soon thought of denying as he would have thought of denying that the Parnellites were mischievous enemies to the State. A little bad company, a year or two more of Mr. Gladstone, and the thing is done. But with Mr. Gladstone himself there are none of these uncomfortable second thoughts. The melancholy which attends the vision of innocence depraved is not to be feared there; and the consequence is that Mr. Gladstone's defence of his rather unvoiced son and heir is the height of diversion.

Mr. Gladstone, complaining of "the wanton intrusion" of the *Times* "into the private domain" as "alien to the honourable traditions of the British press," earnestly requests the Editor, as a matter of decency and justice, to print certain things. It seems odd that a man should earnestly request anything, as a matter of decency and justice, of a person whom, by his own solemn declaration, he considers guilty of gross indecency and injustice. But that must be a thing for Mr. Gladstone himself to decide. Some of us, when the journalists of the gutter attack us, would as soon plead guilty as notice the attack. Mr. Gladstone thinks, and has a right to think, differently. The real fun of the thing is that Mr. Gladstone, by his own elaborate confession of circumstances, which we at least were quite indifferent to knowing, admits everything which has been said, in the first place, and, in the second, defends what nobody has attacked. As we pointed out last week, what Mr. W. H. Gladstone has done is exactly what Irish landlords have done, and what in each case he and they had a perfect right to do. Mr. Gladstone's position, by his own account, in regard to the Hawarden estate is exactly the position of any one else who has invested money at a low rate of interest on landed property which is not absolutely his own. If "no person has been by law or force expelled from his habitation" at Hawarden, that is only because no person at Hawarden has refused, and forcibly supported his refusal, to give up a habitation to which he has ceased to have legal title. If Mr. Gladstone "never said that eviction was a sentence of death," it is apparently because he said that eviction was "very near to a sentence of starvation," and we fully admit that you may come very near to starvation without dying. When we come to the letters from the evicted tenants the humour of the situation becomes even more delirious. Elizabeth Whitehead, widow, "did not wish to remain in the place because she could not pay the rent." Precisely. Elizabeth Whitehead, widow, is an Englishwoman; if she had been Bridget Mulvany, an Irishwoman, she would have wished to remain in the place though she could not pay the rent, and if she had been made to give it up, any one who took it would have been "shown" in public places, boycotted, and very likely murdered as a landgrabber. George Hughes's "misfortune is principally from losses at various times over which he had no control." Precisely. That is the case with large numbers of Denis Hogarty's. Joseph Catherall ingenuously says that, "however hard it appeared at the time, he does not blame Mr. Gladstone." Why should he? But, if he had been Mike Macgillcuddy, he would have blamed Mr. Gladstone—probably with slugs.

It seems hardly possible that even skulls of Gladstonian thickness can be impervious to the real point of this matter. Nobody—that is to say, no sensible body—on the Unionist side finds the least fault with Mr. W. H. Gladstone for what he has done. That tenants who cannot make land pay themselves and their landlord

should make room for those who can is the sole and single rule for avoiding agricultural pauperism; and the landlord must in all cases be the judge when the remedies provided by law are to be provided. We do not merely grant this; we assert it, and shout it on the house-tops. The fun of the thing of course is, that Irish landlords have been mulcted, abused, hampered in every way, held up to public execration, and in no few cases murdered for doing precisely and, *mutatis mutandis*, in every little incident of comparison, what has been done on an estate which by the self-presented testimonial of its late owner or present incumbrancer, is managed in a way "redounding to the honour both of proprietor and agent." Mr. Gladstone, a little wiser in his generation than his eldest hope and some of his partisans, does not rush into the detailed comparison of English-managed and Irish-managed estates. The father, of course, if not the son, knows that it would not help him a bit. Irish management has been "discounted" and allowed for to the uttermost farthing, and a good many farthings more, by the Irish Land Courts. The tenant's interest in his holding, created by his expenditure of labour and money on it, has been valued in the most liberal fashion on his side, and in his favour. To bring up after these proceedings the old stories about houses and gates and drainage is either incredible foolishness or simple dishonesty. Even an Irish tenant is not, we suppose, even in Gladstonian imaginations, entitled to the valuation of his interest twice over—once in the reduction of rent and arrears, and again afterwards. The fair rent, which it is his own fault if he has not had fixed long ago, took account once for all of that interest, and took account of it most liberally. Whatever was left to the landlord was left deliberately and professedly as the equivalent of his interest only. Therefore, when fresh difficulties arise, he is exactly in the position of Mr. W. H. Gladstone. He has to decide whether, for this reason or for that, or for all together, he will allow his tenant to continue in a holding to which he cannot do justice, or whether it is any good reducing or foregoing his rent, or whether he must go. We know on the most undeniable authority that there are large districts of Ireland where, if a bull appropriate to the subject may be used, the tenant can only do justice to the land by going—going bodily. We know that there are innumerable other instances where the individual tenant has no chance. If his account is to be wiped off and himself started fair, so ought Elizabeth Whitehead's, George Hughes's, and Joseph Catherall's accounts. Anybody who likes may say that they ought. We say nothing of the kind. We think that Mr. W. H. Gladstone acted like a wise man and a good landlord. We think that Lord Lansdowne, Lord Kenmare, and hundreds of other Irish landlords, acted like wise men and good landlords. We congratulate Mr. W. H. Gladstone on taking rank with so honourable a body, and Mr. W. E. Gladstone on deriving income from an estate so managed. We not only think, but know, that (as Mr. W. H. Gladstone has pleaded yet once more with touching persistency) in no other way can the agriculture of a country prosper than by treating tenants as responsible men of business, and not as recipients of alms. Disfranchise Mr. Gladstone for ever!

Now, if this is not redeeming our promise last week to defend valiantly the management of the Hawarden estate, we are unacquainted with the meaning of words.

A "NEW MODEL" CAPTAIN.

AMONG the biographers and authorities cited or made use of by Carlyle in his *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*—"Carrión Heath," "poor Noble, my reverend imbecile friend," Harris, with his "blind farrago," and the rest—there figures in sundry places a certain "honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan," one Captain John Hodgson, who—his pudding-headedness notwithstanding—contrives to furnish Carlyle with a few of the most graphic touches in his narrative. This Hodgson (whom the historian more than once, without any warrant, calls "Major") was an intimate friend, and sometime next-door-neighbour at Coley Hall, of that Oliver Heywood, the Yorkshire Puritan, ejected in 1662, whom we recently wrote of. The two men had much in common, for both were earnest reformers; but Heywood was a staunch Presbyterian, and Hodgson a stout Independent, a typical soldier in the regiments of Lambert, Falconberg, and Saunders in Cromwell's "New Model" army—a man "who made some conscience of what he did." When the troubles of the Civil War were over, and Hodgson had ceased to plot, living in retirement at Ripon, he set himself, about the year 1680, to write his *Memoirs*; and these, falling into the hands of Ritson, or, as some say, Sir Walter Scott, were given to the world by Constable, together with the *Memoirs* of Sir Henry Slingsby, in 1806, in what Carlyle calls "a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor." We do not propose to follow Hodgson in all his weary marchings and counter-marchings, but some account of himself will be interesting in connexion with what we said of his friend Heywood, and we shall, therefore, extract a few notable things concerning the war from his *Memoirs*, and from them, and the depositions at York Castle, shall be able to show what was the part taken by this prominent Cromwellian in the remarkable years that followed the Restoration.

When Hodgson put his hand "to the Lord's work" in 1642, he tells us that he did it not without seeking God many an hour

and night; for the news of weighty things was buzzing in his ears and awaking his mind to sundry considerations upon the philosophy of government, which he duly sets forth. In this mood he was sitting, on a Sunday morning in December 1642, in Coley Chapel, the minister, Mr. Latham—Heywood's predecessor—holding forth, when there entered "a good man," who told them how that Sir William Savile was drawn up with horse and foot against Bradford Church. Whereupon, the minister having enlarged "with a great deal of tenderness and affection," his hearers resolved to fight for the cause, took up their arms, some of them having merely scythes fixed on poles, went down to Bradford, had a stiff brush with the enemy, and took some prisoners, but, for want of horse, had to fall back. This was the beginning of the business, and it was not long before "Old Ferdinando," Lord Fairfax, was beating up forces thereabout. Hodgson became ensign to Captain Nathaniel Bower, under command of Colonel Forbes. Leeds was captured and garrisoned; but the Royalists, advancing from York, defeated their adversaries at Searcroft, where Hodgson was severely wounded, "shot in two places, cut in several, and led off into a wood." However, he recovered, and was in that campaign, so disastrous for his party, in which Newcastle defeated the Parliamentary forces at Adwalton Moor (June, 1643), and afterwards drove them out of Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax. In this business Hodgson was taken prisoner at Bradford, "stript in to my shirt, and driven in among the rest." Having been released, apparently not on *parole d'honneur*, he was at the raising of the siege of Nantwich, marched back with Lambert into Yorkshire, fought at Bradford and Selby, escaped Marston Moor, and, during the lull of hostilities after Naseby, had time to get married, or, as he puts it, "change his condition," at York, in 1646.

On the fresh outbreak, in 1648, the Captain was again with Lambert, about Carlisle and Kendal, and afterwards retreating before Hamilton. "The Scots," he says, "marched towards Kendal, we towards Ripon, where Oliver met us with horse and foot." Still further the Scots marched to Preston in long-drawn array, Cromwell advancing by Stonyhurst on the flank. In that strange three-days' widespread battle Hodgson had a considerable share, and is of it—as Fritz Hoenig remarks in his recent book on Cromwell—*ein wichtiger Augenzeuge*. "One Major Poundall," says he ("Pownell, you pudding-head!") angrily exclaims Carlyle, correcting him, "and myself commanded the forlorn of foot." The General gave the word "March," and they advanced from hedge to hedge, the horse being in the lane. Presently Hodgson, seeing one Colonel Carleton retreating before him, separated from his men, told his own forces to stand still, and himself leaping over the ditch, pursued; but Carleton was too swift for him, "which caused a great shout in our army." Again, he dismounted a commander of Scotch Lancers, and, leaping into his saddle, was able, at Lambert's orders, to ride off and bring up the Lancashire regiment at a critical moment. "The bullets flew freely; then was the heat of the battle that day. The Lancashire foot were as stout men as were in the world, and as brave firemen. I have often told them they were as good fighters, and as great plunderers, as ever went to a field." Hodgson took part in the pursuit on the next day; and afterwards marched with Cromwell into Scotland, and was at the surrender of Berwick.

In the later campaign he was again active, and his notes are very vivid and interesting. He tells us how, when Colonel Bright resigned his command, the soldiers elected Lambert by acclamation in his place, throwing up their hats and crying, "A Lambert! a Lambert!" There are valuable notes, too, about Cromwell in Scotland. At Mordington a certain soldier was in a curious plight. With others he had been purveying abroad, and, having seized a great "kirk" of cream, was taking a "modest drink," when a fellow lifted up the tub and it fell over his head, all the cream running down his apparel, "which was a merriment to the officers, for Oliver loved an innocent jest." At Dunbar, as they were marching down to Roxburgh House, ere yet the day broke, Hodgson heard a cornet at prayer, "who was exceedingly carried on in the duty," and went to him. "I met with as much of God in it as I was satisfied deliverance was at hand, and coming to my command did encourage the poor, weak soldiers." When the Scots were thrown into confusion the Captain was near Cromwell. "And, the sun appearing upon the sea, I heard Nol say, 'Now let God arise, and His enemies shall be scattered'; and he, following us as we slowly marched, I heard him say, 'I profess, they run.'" Afterwards Hodgson had many marchings and counter-marchings in various parts of England and in the Isle of Man, was quartered in London, where he got into much legal trouble, and had a grievous suit at Guildhall, fought with the Dutch at sea, and then, he tells us, grew weary, and desired to leave the army and live at home with his wife and children. But it was not easy to get his discharge, and there was more marching for him yet to do. He was also troubled about his arrears of pay, and there is a dark and mysterious passage to the effect that Lambert would have persuaded him to go over to Monk, in order that a certain 208*l.* might be recovered, but he would not, and he lost that money, with, it is to be feared, much more.

But, though Hodgson was tired of military service, it was not in him to live quietly at home, and it abundantly appears that he was a busy plotter after the Restoration. The consequent "troubles" that befel him, though closely connected with one another, were yet severally not less than eight in number, and they show very vividly what was the state of the North of England at the time. One night, at an unseasonable hour, a party

of armed men beset his house at Coley, used threatening language, put their weapons in at the window, and, being admitted, one presented a pistol to his breast, and he was carried off under a warrant of arrest from Sir John Kaye and Sir John Armytage. After lingering five months in York Castle he was tried, and, as appears from the depositions there, one Daniel Lister swore that he (Lister) having remarked to Hodgson that the sun now shone on the right side of the hedge, Hodgson retorted, "Your King, your King, ere long will have nothing left to sett his crowne upon." Another indictment was sworn to by Joseph Lister on the authority of one Johnston (and the two, says the Captain, "were like Simon and Levi, brethren in iniquity"), but the case was dismissed upon Hodgson, "after much dispute," taking the oath of allegiance. The next matter was not so grievous. The Captain was abroad at a country fair, and had put up his horse at the sign of the "Lord Brook" (him who was shot through the eye at Lichfield by a royalist from a window of St. Chad's), when he was jostled, reviled as a rebel and a traitor, and threatened with a sword; but the landlady stood betwixt him and danger, and so he got off.

Hodgson's other troubles were all more or less connected with the plots that were rife in the North, and more particularly with the "Sowerby Plot," in which, no doubt, he had a share. There is a curious deposition at York showing that one Platts of Sowerby endeavoured to persuade his apprentice "to ryd a meare" with Captain Hodgson against the King, and, when he refused, the said Platts "did sore beate him" and cause him to leave that part of the country, declaring afterwards that, if he (Platts) had been present when Hodgson was taken, he would rather have lost his life than it should have happened. This is how the Captain describes the beginning of the business with him. He was riding home with a friend from Leeds when they "lighted of a soldier," and the three, faring along in the twilight together, were seen by a maid-servant in a house they passed by, who told her master that Hodgson had with him two armed troopers, who informed Sir John Armytage that there were two troops of horse at Coley, who wrote to the King about it, and connected it with a dangerous meeting at Sowerby, a few miles away, who called in the Duke of Albemarle, who, knowing Hodgson, would believe nothing of it. However, a commission was sent down, the matters were investigated, and an *ignoramus* certified; and we read how that a certain smith, being asked what kind of men he saw at Sowerby, replied that they were "a company of good-like men," armed with such arms as all men bear, and he saw none other. Nevertheless, in August 1662, Hodgson was had up before Sir John Armytage, gravely questioned as to his proceedings, bound over to appear at the Quarter Sessions, and put upon his good behaviour, and protested over a bottle of ale with that magistrate that hard measure had been meted out to him. Not many days had passed when a party with a search-warrant came to Coley Hall, whose commander, with his hand on his hilt, said it was better warrant than Oliver used to give, and so they carried off Hodgson's fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, and, which vexed him to the soul, on the next day made him give up a particular buff coat he had, "and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after." In July 1663 the Captain had one of the ejected ministers at his house to "perform family duty" for himself and his neighbours, but, knowing the danger, the party dispersed by the back-door; "and presently we were set about with horsemen, a parcel of the sons of Belial, who were groping about the walls all night, like the men in Sodom about Lot's door, or the Gibeonites that sought occasion against the Levite and his concubine, that lodged amongst them." The object of this proceeding, however, was probably connected with the Northern plot, for Hodgson thought it prudent to make off into Lancashire, and could not be found when they sought him; but he determined at length to face it, and, after sundry proceedings, was cast into durance at York, where he remained some time, quarrelling with his judges and others over the legality of his trial and sentence, and then somehow paid 20*l.* for a pardon. Not long afterwards, betimes in the morning, when he was yet in bed, Sir John Armytage came to his gates at Coley with a constable, and, being admitted, walked up and down the hall with a pistol in his hand, using threatening language; but Hodgson's wife said, "Even the Lord rebuke him," and immediately Sir John rode away. "We could judge no less than that he came with a design to have destroyed me, but the Lord rebuked him." The last "trouble" that is recorded by the rebellious Captain befell him in 1665, when he was again arrested—this time at Halifax—carried off once more to York, where fourscore prisoners were gathered—"Parliament-men, colonels, majors, lieutenant-colonels, captains, lieutenants, &c." A pestilence broke out amongst them; and some died, and Hodgson spent another period in durance; but there were congenial friends there, and in particular one Mr. Fisher, who upon his knees "wrestled" for Hodgson's daughter, who was sick, and at that very time, as afterwards appeared, she sat up and asked for food. "Such Jacobs we had in prison." With these words the old campaigner ends his narrative. He lived many years afterwards at a place not very far from Coley, still known as Cromwell Bottom, whose name doubtless pleased him. There are many references to him, full of Puritan unction, in Heywood's Diary; and there also we find a last melancholy memorial of him—"Mr. John Hodgson of Rippon (my old friend), dyed a prisoner there, Jan. 24, 1683-4, aged 66."

THE TRUST COMPANY FANCY.

AMONG the special fancies just now of the subscribing public Investment Trust Companies figure prominently with breweries, nitrate, gold, diamond, and ruby Companies. In the course of last year more than seventy such Companies were registered with an aggregate capital of over 70 millions sterling. Many of these were not brought out. The higher duties on the registration of Companies imposed by last year's Budget induced promoters of these as well as of other Companies to register at the lower scale of duties in anticipation. But a good many were issued. And in the two months of the present year thirteen Companies have been offered to the public with an aggregate capital of about 8½ millions sterling. Besides the share capital, the Companies usually take power to borrow on debentures and otherwise, and to invest both the subscribed capital and the borrowed money in securities. These Companies add nothing to the wealth of the world. They profess to offer to investors, and more particularly to small investors scattered over the country, securities which will yield a higher return than those which the saving classes can obtain for themselves. In effect the promoters and managers of these concerns say to the public that they have means of information not possessed by ordinary persons, and that they can, therefore, pick up securities not widely known, or at least not believed in by the general public, which, nevertheless, are safe investments, and are likely in the future to increase in value. The investor in one of these Investment Trust Companies, they argue, avoids putting all his eggs into one basket, since practically the return upon his investment is yielded by the varied securities which the Investment Trust Company holds. Where the Trust Company deals only in what are known as sound investment securities it offers no real advantage to the investor. The small investor can himself vary his investments. He can buy, for example, the stocks of three or four of our best managed and most prosperous railway Companies, and he can also buy colonial bonds, Indian railway stocks, and the like. He may thus spread his investments over as wide a field as the Trust Company itself. No doubt that involves some little trouble. But, on the other hand, he saves money by so doing. The Trust Company, as we have said, derives its whole income from its investments. And out of the yield of those investments it has to defray all its expenses of every kind. The small investor saves those expenses by himself investing in a sufficiently varied list of securities. It is only where the Trust Company deals in securities not generally known, or at all events not generally thought sound, that it seems to offer an advantage to the small investor. Unquestionably there are many securities selling cheap, and not thought highly of by the majority of brokers, which nevertheless are good investments. A Company, for example, may have had to struggle against difficulties for several years, may now have overcome those difficulties, and may be just entering upon a period of great prosperity. So, again, a Government may, by economy and new taxation, be entering upon a better policy, which in the course of a short time will raise its credit, and, therefore, advance the price of its bonds. A keen, energetic man of sound judgment, who gives his whole attention to such matters, and takes care to have excellent information from foreign countries and the colonies, will find out the improving prospects of the Company or Government sooner than the general public, and will thus be able to buy advantageously for himself and for those for whom he is acting. Usually, however, a man of this kind is able to turn his talents to better account than by giving his services to a Trust Company; yet, no doubt, under peculiar circumstances, such a man may be willing to give his services to such a Company, and may raise it to very great prosperity.

The more Investment Trust Companies, however, increase in number the less likely is it that they will be able to command the services of ability such as we have been referring to. As a rule, the man who can buy with judgment and success for a series of years will find it more profitable either to operate for himself or to enter into partnership with some member of the Stock Exchange. It is hardly likely, therefore, that a multitude of Investment Trust Companies can command the experience, skill, and judgment requisite for the successful conduct of their business. It is clear that the directors cannot give the attention to it which is essential, even if they had the ability needed. There must be some one man who will make it the business of his life to inform himself thoroughly respecting the present position and future prospects of all the various securities offering for investment. And upon his judgment must depend the success of the Company. When the Companies increase in numbers, competition will force the more venturesome and less judicious into riskier and riskier purchases. This is likely to happen, even if the management is perfectly honest. But the management may not be entirely honest. A Stock Exchange operator or a Syndicate may have bought discredited securities in large amounts, and may not find it easy to dispose of them at a profit. An Investment Trust Company would be a convenient way of getting rid of these securities. If the public, while the fancy for Trust Companies is still strong, could be induced to subscribe to the capital, and if a board of directors could be got together which would be amenable to the wishes of the operator or Syndicate, the Company could be induced to buy at prices very profitable to the promoter or promoters the discredited securities which it had been found difficult to dispose of otherwise. And an existing Company may be made

use of in the same way. One man of acknowledged ability and intimate knowledge of Company prospects at home and abroad may have great influence with a board of directors. He may use that influence against the Company's interest by quietly buying abroad securities which he represents to the directors are sure to rise greatly in value owing to this, that, or the other circumstance. The directors may act in good faith. They may be fully convinced of the man's competence to give advice, and of his wide knowledge in such matters; and they may have no reason to suspect his motives. Yet the results of the transaction may be very injurious to the Company. Or, again, the Company may be used for the purpose of operating upon the Stock Exchange. Suppose such a Company, with a capital of a million, and debentures of an equal amount, in the hands of an unscrupulous man. Instead of operating for himself, or entering into a partnership with others, he consents to enter into the service of the Company, and after a while gains the confidence of the directors. He sees that with the vast sums at his disposal he can influence markets very greatly, and he begins to operate with the funds of the Trust, but for the benefit of himself, or of himself and a clique supporting him. It will be seen that the Investment Trust Companies readily lend themselves to abuse, and that when the Companies are very numerous they are likely to drive one another by their competition into risky business. We fail to see, therefore, that they offer to the investor any substantial advantage which, if he uses the ordinary judgment he employs in his own everyday occupations, he cannot obtain for himself.

But if the investor does not care to incur the trouble of looking after many investments, and has not much confidence in his own judgment, and therefore decides to buy Investment Trust Companies' shares, he should, at least, inquire carefully into all material facts concerning the Company in which he is about to risk his money. In the first place, he should satisfy himself that the directors are men of honour and probity. In the second, he should find out who were the promoters of the Company, and what was their motive in promoting; whether a large sum was paid to the promoters, and whether onerous contracts have been entered into with them. Next, he should ascertain who it is guides the directors in their investments. Directors may themselves be honourable men, quite incapable of doing anything contrary to the trust that has been reposed in them by their shareholders. And yet they may be misled by craftier and more unscrupulous advisers, or they may have shown want of judgment in entering into engagements which the event proves to have been unfortunate. But, even if the intending investor is satisfied upon all these points, he should take good care to inquire into the kind of investments which the Company makes. Are the investments such as he would himself purchase on full deliberation? If they are not, then he will do well to have nothing to do with the concern. Further, does the Company operate upon the Stock Exchange? Is it constantly buying and selling in a manner that suggests a desire to influence markets? Of course, such a Company will have dividends and interest to invest from time to time; and, moreover, it may find it desirable now and then to change investments. But a careful inquirer will have little difficulty in determining whether the Company is acting in the proper discharge of the duties it has undertaken towards its shareholders, or whether its managers are influenced by the stock-jobbing spirit. There are other questions which the intending investor may put with advantage to himself, as, for example, the way in which the managers are paid. If they are paid by fees amounting to a specified percentage on the whole capital, the payment may after the first year or so be entirely too great for the duties they perform. When once the capital is invested, supposing it to be invested with ordinary care and judgment, it will not need to be reinvested for a considerable time. Now and then, of course, events may occur to render it expedient to sell out one security and buy another. But as a rule the business of the managers will not be heavy when once the first investment has been made. For the first investment it is quite right that the payment should be liberal; for it involves much anxious thought, as well as diligent labour, to invest a large capital safely and judiciously. But, after the first year or two, at all events, neither the labour nor the thought ought to be very great; and then it would seem more businesslike to pay in the form of a fixed salary rather than in the way of a percentage upon capital. The remuneration to the officers of the Company, however, is a very small matter. If they are capable and honest, it will be well to pay them liberally. The real questions to which the intending investor should give his attention are the honesty and efficiency of the management and the judgment displayed.

NOVELLO'S ORATORIO CONCERTS.

LAST Tuesday evening Messrs. Novello produced the second of the novelties promised during their winter series of Oratorio Concerts. Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, originally performed a few weeks ago at Liverpool, for the Choral Society of which town it was written, had not been previously heard in London, and much interest was excited by reports of the success the work had won in the provinces. While the verdict of the public after Tuesday's performance did not altogether endorse the rather extravagant praises of the country critics, the success achieved was sufficient to be gratifying to both

composer and author of the words. The structure of the work is peculiar. It consists of a long narrative poem, the greater part of which is spoken by a reciter, accompanied throughout by the orchestra, and interrupted from time to time by choruses and other vocal numbers, each of which is complete in itself. The argument of the work tells how Jubal, listening to the music of nature, becomes discontented with his primitive attempts to produce musical sounds from a shell. He falls asleep, and in a series of visions hears a setting of the "Gloria in Excelsis," a Song of Comfort, a March and Chorus of Victory, a Reaper's Song, a Funeral March and Chorus, and a Love Duet. Awakening from his dream, Jubal dedicates his shell to God, and the cantata ends with an invocation to music. It will be seen that the idea of the work is ingenious and not unpoetical; and it cannot be denied that it has been gracefully carried out by Mr. Joseph Bennett. But here, so far as the libretto is concerned, commendation must stop; for it is difficult to accept the dictum of the author of the analytical programme, to the effect that *The Dream of Jubal* signalizes a development beyond the point before attained in similar works. The effect of recitation, accompanied by music, though often attempted, has always resulted in failure, and Dr. Mackenzie was very bold in once more trying an experiment which had not succeeded even in the hands of Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn. The effect of the human voice, speaking in more or less conversational tones, when brought into contrast with purely musical sounds, is singularly unpleasant; for either the speaker is driven into adopting a reciting note, which is bound to jar against the changing harmonies of the orchestra, or else he must pitch his voice in a dry monotonous recitative, which is totally lacking in the colour needed to give the necessary light and shade to the poem. This is a simple physiological fact which has been proved by repeated experiments, and it is a pity that Dr. Mackenzie should have been led once more to demonstrate what was so evident. Looked at merely from an æsthetic point of view, the introduction of spoken recitation in a musical work is a mistake; for the tones of an ordinary speaking voice cannot fail to break the continuity of musical sound. Whether consciously or not, the composer has clearly felt this in *The Dream of Jubal*; the vocal numbers do not fit into the general picture, but are for the most part fragmentary in idea and lacking in consecutive interest. Even judged from the point of view of the author of the book, the connecting recitations are far too long and too wordy; though the effect of the vocal numbers may be increased by their being sandwiched between long recitations, yet the latter should surely not be drawn out to such an extent that the audience should become wearied, as was too often the case in Tuesday's performance. This is more to be regretted because in the accompaniments to the recitation Dr. Mackenzie has written some of the most satisfactory music in his new work. Never has his mastery of orchestration and delicacy of touch been more fully demonstrated than in the opening movement and the music descriptive of the impression produced upon Jubal by

The deep-voiced torrent and the tinkling rill,
The swelling breezes and the whispering trees,
The buzzing insects and the choir of birds.

Indeed, throughout these portions of the work he attains a very high level; but unfortunately the attention is so distracted by the continual monotonous drone of the spoken voice that much of the really admirable workmanship and fine feeling of the orchestration is completely thrown away. In the purely musical numbers he is less happy. His choral-writing is not equal to his treatment of the orchestra; and the difficulty of arousing interest in what are too evidently mere incidents in the narrative becomes very apparent. The best number in the work is the Funeral March, which is admirably conceived and impressively executed. The solos are weak and ineffective; their success in performance was entirely owing to their excellent execution. The final chorus is broad and taking; it is constructed principally upon a simple and ear-haunting diatonic melody, and worked up to an effective climax. Considered as a whole, *The Dream of Jubal* is an unequal work, displaying both its composer's strong points and weaknesses in a marked degree. It will not take rank above his best work, such as *The Story of Sayid*; but, considering that he was handicapped by the construction of the libretto, he has succeeded in a manner which betrays the mastery of his talent more than could have been expected. The execution was, on the whole, excellent. The chorus sang with precision and enthusiasm, and the solos were well delivered by Miss Macintyre, Miss Neal, and Messrs. Lloyd and Black. The concert began with a fine performance of Saint-Saëns' very interesting setting of the 19th Psalm, in which Miss Liza Lehmann won much applause by her delivery of the soprano solo, "Thou, O Lord, art my Protector." The work gains at every hearing. It is an admirable example of the modern French school in its more scholastic mood, and betrays in every bar the result of earnest study and sincere appreciation of the great masters of the eighteenth century.

ART SALE-ROOMS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

IN our opinion, art sale-rooms have scarcely received their due recognition as social institutions in literature. Why should not Christie, Manson, & Woods furnish a scene for a novel, why do not playwrights study the romance of bibliomania at Sotheby,

Wilkinson, & Hodges', and why do we never meet with the words "Puttick & Simpson" in pentameters or hexameters? for the rooms known by the names of these three firms have been the scenes of far more excitement, hopes and fears, joys and disappointments, jealousies and hatreds, than many places that have become hackneyed among writers of fiction both in prose and verse. The plot of a play or a novel has often hung upon a less dramatic incident than the late discovery by Mr. Hodge, when preparing Lord Hopetoun's library for sale, of a Gutenberg Bible at the back of a cupboard among a heap of papers, and its subsequent sale on the 25th of February last for 2,000*l.* at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms. The sale-room is a sort of connecting link between the shop and the club, a kind of compromise between the silence and emptiness of the National Gallery and the crowd, confusion, and hubbub of the Royal Academy. We are thinking of sale-rooms during the hours devoted to the exposition of collections for inspection rather than when auctions are in actual progress, although we are fully alive to the attractions of catching the auctioneer's eye and hearing the tap of the ivory hammer. An article by Mr. Theodore Child in *Harper's Magazine*, on the Hôtel Drouot in Paris, and the final volume of Mr. Redford's great work on *Art Sales* in this country, have appeared almost at the same moment, and bring these matters before our minds. Now sale-rooms are so much appropriated by visitors as public lounges that we do not hesitate to write somewhat freely of what are in reality the offices of private firms. Very many people are quite as much at home at Christie's rooms as in their own houses, and they certainly frequent them more than their churches.

The Hôtel des Commissaires-Priseurs, better known as the Hôtel Drouot, is a very modern establishment, in comparison with our own best-known art sale-rooms, and the present ugly building was opened so lately as 1854. Long before that year works of art had been selling for high prices in Paris; yet, so far as art sales were concerned, Paris had suffered somewhat, to the benefit of England, in the beginning of the present as well as at the end of the last century. Messrs. Sotheby, Messrs. Christie, Messrs. Phillips, and Messrs. Foster (the firm was known as Cox, Burrell, & Foster in 1800) sold many valuable French collections after the Revolution in France, and reaped a harvest which it must have been galling to French auctioneers to think of. One of the first regular auction-rooms established in London appears to have been that of a Mr. Millington, in the then very fashionable quarter of Covent Garden. During the early part of the eighteenth century the leading auctioneer was a Mr. Cock, whose rooms used to be frequented by Hogarth. The prices obtained there for what he termed "shiploads of dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonnas [*sic*], and other dismal, dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental," provoked the bitter jealousy of that artist. About the middle of the century the collection of a party of artists known as the Spring Gardens Society was sold by auction; but the sale was a failure, and the catalogues, illustrated with three designs by Hogarth, and sold at a shilling each, made more than the pictures. About the year 1762 a Scotchman who had formerly been an officer in the navy took to auctioneering, and opened some rooms almost exclusively for the sale of works of art in Pall Mall. This man's name was James Christie. He was an intimate friend of Sheridan, Garrick, and Gainsborough; and we were once told, on what appeared to be high authority, that it was at the suggestion of the latter that he established his art sale-rooms. The first exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held in this house whilst Christie occupied it, so that the Academy and Christie's may be almost considered brother establishments. Some eight years later Christie removed to the house next to the Ordnance Office, on the west side, and the firm continued their sales there until 1826, when they settled altogether at No. 8 King Street. Several other firms of auctioneers who sold works of art, either exclusively or with other things, were formed last century. Messrs. Sotheby began their sales in 1744. They have always been on different lines from Messrs. Christie; but their rooms have been, and still are, a favourite lounge of many men of letters, bibliophiles, and collectors of old drawings and manuscripts. In the latter part of the past century they sold the library of Addison, and during the present century the libraries of Talleyrand, Malone, Napoleon I., and Heber, as well as the Beckford, the Thorold, the Osterley Park, the Seillière, and the Crawford libraries, have all passed through their rooms. As Mr. Redford says, their "complete series of catalogues from 1744 to the present time, which are deposited in the British Museum for reference, show exceedingly interesting reports of the libraries of great and famous men under the hammer." They have also sold an immense number of illuminated manuscripts, drawings by old masters, engravings, medals, and coins. Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, who began their sales in 1794, now occupy the room in Leicester Square which was formerly the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Perhaps the most famous sale ever held by this firm was that of the Sunderland library, which realized 56,581*l.*; but, although they have sold endless books, manuscripts, pictures, and other works of art, their rooms are perhaps as popular in the musical world as in any other. The finest of old violins and violoncellos, as well as musical libraries and copyrights, are disposed of here. Messrs. Foster, of Pall Mall, established themselves in the same year as Messrs. Puttick & Simpson; and very early in the present century they sold a portion of the famous Orleans collection. On a quiet day these rooms have ever been a popular resort of nervous amateurs too shy to bid at Christie's; but it often happens that a bold man

and a long purse are required to purchase the wares that are offered for sale in them. Only two years later than Messrs. Foster, Mr. Phillips opened his sale-rooms in Bond Street, in time to have a share in selling some of the collections of pictures sent over to this country in consequence of the French Revolution. Not the least famous of the sales by the Messrs. Phillips was that of Mr. Beckford at Fonthill Abbey, in 1823.

Many English people are under the impression that the Hôtel Drouot is simply the Parisian counterpart of Christie & Manson's. Such ignorance will be dispelled on reading Mr. Child's statement that not a small portion of it consists of "a horrible pandemonium, haunted by marine-store dealers, old-clothes men, low brokers, and commercial scavengers of all degrees, wreckers who gather up the flotsam and jetsam of misfortune, misconduct, satiety, sudden death, and suicide," in an atmosphere "which reminds us at once of a night refuge, a hospital, and an unventilated omnibus on a very wet day." In these "foul dens" lurk "verminous, garlic-eating, inelegant, unpolished, unfragrant folk, uncouthly in raiment, and with elbows rigid and pungent, and nails that are as the claws of unclean birds." We make these quotations merely to show the dissimilarity, in a few trifling particulars, between the Hôtel Drouot and our own much beloved Christie & Manson's. There is, however, an "upstairs" at the Hôtel Drouot. Here, on occasions, are to be found some of the smartest people in Paris, and a display of splendour that rivals King Street. Nevertheless, there are many distinctions between the proceedings at one establishment and the other. In the first place, instead of being the sale-room of a single firm, the Hôtel Drouot is in the hands of a body of about eighty auctioneers. Some of these hold their sales in brilliant salons, some in the aforesaid "foul dens," and some in the open courtyard, while others, although belonging to the confraternity, usually sell elsewhere. Nor are the objects offered for sale at all confined to works of art. During the sale of a world-renowned collection of pictures in one part of the Hôtel, the rubbish of a bankrupt chimney-sweep may be sold in another. But let that pass. Our only business at present is with the vendors of works of art. It might be supposed that in the *paradise* of the Hôtel Drouot things would be conducted much as they are at London auctions, with a little French gaiety thrown in. Those who have bought or sold works of art at auctions in Paris, and those who have read Mr. Child's article, know better. In England, the auctioneer on his rostrum, his clerk, and two or three workmen to show the objects to be sold, do all that is required for the seller. At the Hôtel Drouot, besides these, it is necessary to employ a very important functionary called an expert, and in Paris there are celebrated experts as well as celebrated auctioneers. There is also a subordinate official, known as the crier, who is said to correspond to the *præco* of the ancient Roman sales. The expert begins by saying "We are selling No. 100," or whatever it may be, selecting a valuable or a worthless object to suit the buyers who may happen to be present at the moment, utterly regardless of its position in the Catalogue. Then the crier and the auctioneer both call out, "No. 100 of the Catalogue." The expert next says, "A portrait by So-and-so. We ask such-and-such a sum." The crier now takes it up, and calls for "A price. Let us begin. How much?" and, after he has repeated the sum named by the expert, he gradually descends, after the manner of an English auctioneer, until a bid is made. Both the crier and the auctioneer then announce that "Il y a marchand," and each vies with the other in noting and calling out the bids as they are made. When an uneven amount has been bid, the crier appeals for *le mot*, which means that the next advance will make it an even sum. The auctioneer and the crier go jabbering on until the bidding ceases, when the ivory hammer falls in the same way that it does all the world over.

The charges for commission at the Hôtel Drouot vary very greatly from those usual in London. At Christie's the only charges are 7½ per cent. for pictures, plate, jewels, porcelain, furniture, sculpture, and modern drawings, and 12½ per cent. for books, manuscripts, engravings, old drawings, sketches, coins, and medals. At the Hôtel Drouot the *purchaser* has to pay 5 per cent. on what he buys; and, as to the seller, it is hard to say where the percentages and other expenses he has to pay stop. There is, of course, the percentage to the auctioneer; and, in addition to this, he has to pay for advertising, the hire of the room, and the crier. Then the Parisians do not think much of a sale of works of art unless the Catalogue is illustrated with etchings or photographs of the principal objects, and it should, if possible, have a preface by some well-known art-critic, who, of course, will not write for nothing. We must not forget to add that the expert requires a commission varying, according to the class of lot sold, from 3 to 6 per cent. It is said that when the celebrated "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, which now hangs in the Louvre, was sold from the gallery of Marshal Soult for 23,440*l.*, the Government had to pay nearly 1,200*l.* for commission as purchasers, and that the Marshal's heirs had to pay 2,344*l.* for commission as sellers. But these were comparatively trifling commissions, for Mr. Child tells us that "in practice a sale at the Hôtel Drouot may cost the seller from 8 to 25 per cent. according to the nature of the object sold, to the nature of the catalogue, and to the amount of advertisement resorted to." So, if we add to this the 5 per cent. paid by the buyer, 30 per cent., or nearly a third of the entire price, may sometimes go in the expenses of a sale. Every auctioneer pays half the percentage he receives

into a common fund, which is divided equally among the eighty auctioneers of the Hôtel. As property worth from two to four millions sterling is said to be sold annually in the establishment, the profits of even the meanest of the auctioneers must be worth having. The great sales of works of art are practically in the hands of five or six auctioneers. Soon after the opening of the Hôtel Drouot, and for some five-and-twenty years afterwards, the leading auctioneer was M. Charles Pillet. Under his direction, the Demidoff sales in 1863, 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1880 produced 600,000*l.* At one of these sales M. Pillet received the highest bid he ever obtained for one lot, when a service of Sèvres was bought by Lord Dudley for 10,200*l.* A single cameo, at the Allègre sale, fetched 6,800*l.*; and at the sale of the property of the Duchesse de Berry, a little manuscript Hour Book, only 4×2½ inches, went for 2,400*l.* The prices obtained for pictures by old masters at the Hôtel Drouot will bear comparison, in some instances, with those received in London. A Rembrandt once made 6,200*l.*; a Cuypp, 5,600*l.*; a Teniers, 6,360*l.*; and a Terburg, 7,280*l.* Mr. Child tells us that when M. Pillet retired, he sold the "good will" of his business for more than 40,000*l.* to M. Chevalier, and that he had himself paid a very similar sum for it to his predecessor. In short, the Hôtel Drouot is a wonderful place of its kind; but, for ourselves, we are more than content with our Christies, our Sothebys, and our Putticks.

A LAME TALE OF THE TURF.

UNDER ordinary circumstances a knowledge of the Turf is not a necessary part of a liberal education; but when a playwright finds a drama on the intricacies of racing life and lore, it is essential that he should have at least a sufficient acquaintance with the subject to enable him to avoid grotesque blunders. We are not much disposed to welcome "a Tale of the Turf," as Mr. Wilson Barrett, in a sub-title, describes his play *Now-a-days*, because there seems to us already quite enough talk about racing amongst all sorts and conditions of men; still, if we are to have it on the stage, we must insist upon correctness. When, for instance, Mr. Wilson Barrett makes an animal called Thunderbolt win the Derby, after having been shut up for the three weeks preceding the race in a stable in the Brixton Road, never having left his box during that period, we find ourselves in the region of the ridiculous. No untrained horse ever has won, or ever will win, the Derby; on what he does during these last three weeks everything depends, and one cannot train a horse by shutting him up in a box in the Brixton Road, never letting him out even for a canter round Peckham Rye, and feeding him on sugar. A colt that had been subjected to such treatment would not have won the Derby and would not have started first favourite at 11 to 10, because, even if the truth about the theft had been concealed, the fact of his having done no work would have driven him to outside odds, and when he reached the course it would have been seen that he was not nearly fit to run. We do not wish to go deeply into technicalities, and may briefly say that all this is preposterous, and that no less so is the scheme of the bad baronet, Sir Harry Croydon, who, by the aid of his accomplices, Downey Bleater, Sandy Gough, and Juniper, the boy who looked after the favourite, stole this horse from John Saxton's stable at Malton, and hid him in the Brixton Road. Croydon proposes to sell the horse and go abroad; but here, again, Mr. Wilson Barrett slips up severely. The horse is of exceptional goodness; and, for reasons which every one who is acquainted with racing affairs will understand, it would be impossible to win races with an abducted horse, either in France or in America or elsewhere. The fact that a horse had been stolen—a chestnut three-year-old of certain make and shape and with certain markings—would be noised abroad throughout the civilized world; if he ran on distant racecourses under another name, seeing that all thoroughbred horses are entered in the Stud Book, the double risk of detection could not possibly be evaded—a secret that was of necessity so widely distributed could not be kept, for a dozen different and equally excellent reasons. It is rather tempting to follow out these absurdities; but we must not go into them too far, though it is impossible to avoid passing comment on the ludicrous speech of the Yorkshire trainer whose daughter is sought in marriage by a jockey. Saxton tells the lad that when he has won the Derby or the Leger he shall marry the girl, as if success in either of these races were a special test of ability within reach of any really industrious young rider. Within living memory there has been no better jockey than George Fordham; but he had been riding for considerably more than twenty years before he won the Derby, and he never won the Leger. Can we pretend to take any rational interest in a trainer who talks such nonsense as is talked by John Saxton?

It is not only in matters immediately connected with the Turf that Mr. Wilson Barrett advances doctrines which are absolutely untenable. Mr. Barrett seems to think that his hero, Tom Saxton, the trainer's son, is rather a fine fellow than otherwise, and entirely to palliate, if he does not actually applaud, an act of a distinctly criminal nature which the young man commits. Saxton has a friend, Gabriel Harper, who seems to be what is called a "professional backer," and who, after a bad week, has half persuaded the trainer to lend him 3,000*l.* in order to "settle." Finding that Harper wants more than this sum, and that to all appearance he

is so near ruin that the money can do him no real good, Saxton refuses the advance; but for a given purpose he has entrusted exactly this amount to his son Tom, and Tom hands over the bundle of his father's notes to the impecunious gambler with all the air of one who does a virtuous action! We most cordially sympathize with Saxton's fury. He does well to be angry. There are several things that we do not understand in the four acts of *Now-a-days*. How comes it that the shrewd well-to-do trainer, who does not bet, whose son owns the Derby favourite—worth, of course, from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*—and who is himself proprietor of a picture-gallery containing old and modern masters such as surely no trainer ever possessed before—how comes it, we want to know, that he is ruined? Why does Harper, who owes his renewed prosperity to Saxton's 3,000*l.*, hate his old friend so bitterly? Why does Sir Harry Croydon, when he causes the horse to be stolen, persuade Jenny Dowling—the bookmaker's daughter, whom he has secretly married—to go and watch over the animal in the Brixton Road? There is sure to be a hue and cry after the horse, there is sure to be a hue and cry after her, and so he deliberately incurs a double danger. How comes it that, when all the personages of the story arrive by a wonderful series of coincidences in the same part of the Exhibition Gardens near the Albert Hall, so cunning a rascal as Gough shouts out where the Derby favourite is hidden? A variety of other questions occur to us, but we will not formulate them, because there can be no reasonable replies. Mr. Wilson Barrett, as Saxton, the grey-bearded Yorkshireman, shows decided capacity in what is called a character actor. Were such a personage as Saxton to appear in a logical and comprehensible drama, Mr. Barrett would represent him with much success. Mr. Austin Melford and Mr. W. A. Elliott give natural and amusing studies of rascality as Bleater and Gough, followers of Croydon, whose somewhat conventional attributes are developed by Mr. Cooper Cliffe. Mr. George Barrett finds no scope for his ability as a bookmaker who seems to attend very little to his business; and Mr. Lewis Waller has a poor part in Tom Saxton. Mr. Horace Hodges turns to good account the chances afforded him as the jockey who loves the trainer's daughter Kitty—a part vivaciously filled by Miss Norreys. Miss Webster acts agreeably in a small character. The drama, however, is a very clumsy piece of work.

FOREIGN ART IN LONDON.

IT was lately reported, we know not with what amount of truth, that the Japanese Government sent a Commission to Europe to investigate the present condition of art in the West, and that the Commissioners on their return summed up their Report by saying that they had found nothing in modern Europe which could be called art except the pictures of one Corot, a Frenchman, which were really creditable. Whether this story be true or not—we confess it sounds like a fabrication made to annoy Mr. Whistler—there is no question that the landscapes of Corot form one of the purest, most original, and most individual phases of recent artistic creation. It is accordingly with unusual satisfaction that we notice the exhibition of a collection of them, probably the most representative which has ever been seen in London, now open at the Goupil Galleries, 116 New Bond Street. No one who delights in the most delicate phases of painting should fail to see these choice selected masterpieces before they are again dispersed; it will probably be long before twenty-one such superb examples of Corot are seen again in any of our galleries.

Perhaps the "Souvenir d'Italie" (20) lent by Mr. Forbes White may be considered the most important of these pictures. It is certainly the largest, but we cannot think it the most beautiful. The vast columnar trees are painted with marvellous spirit; but Corot's convention does not seem to us to be fitted for so large a scale as this. The eye observes too much; the details of foliage are so immense that we are bewildered at seeing so thinly and so indistinctly. The human figures, too, are here unusually clumsy. Something of the same objections prevents us from wholly enjoying "La Toilette" (15). Corot's very large canvases amaze, but do not always please us. He surmounted the difficulties of size, and he had a sort of clairvoyance in knowing what the effect of a certain contrast would be at a distance. But it is in canvases of not more than three feet by two, or less than that, that he becomes the supreme magician of modern landscape. In the "Lac de Garde" (2), in the Goupil Galleries, we see how the exquisite propriety of his tones takes the place of colour, and gives us an equal pleasure. In "La Mare aux Grenouilles" (13) he shows us what a power he had of fusing delicate blues and rich greens into the most exquisite harmony. In the famous "Le Lac" (4), which comes from the gallery of M. Victor Desfossés, we see how a breeze can be painted in the act of lightly agitating the thin foliage of a tree against the broad light of afternoon. In "L'Arbre Brisé" (9) we see how, when he chose, Corot could illustrate, as no other landscape-painter has done before or since, those immortal lines:—

See the dawn begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of liquid fire; the wind blows cold,
As the morning doth unfold.

But there are two or three pictures here which seem to us to

belong to a still higher order of beauty. "The Bent Tree" (10), from the collection of Mr. Alexander Young, with its two naked birches, highly relieved against a melancholy boskage, is inspired by the deepest poetry of the woodland-side. In "Mantes la Jolie" (7) Corot's customary greyness and sedate air of reverie are exchanged for a lively key of bright soft blue in sky and water. To turn to a technical detail, what has ever been seen more masterly than the "placing" of the three brown cattle in the middle distance of "L'Abreuvoir"? (8) what more cunning than the vermilion dot of the man's cap which lights up the grey harmonies of "The Goatherd" (21) like a lamp? We must, however, even in the presence of Corot, assert our right to be critical, and we therefore suggest that "La Vanne" (16) presents us with what many French amateurs take a main delight in, but what appears to us the excess, and even the corruption, of Corot's mannerism. Here the touches of thin blown leafage are so light as to be unreal; the great willow-tree is a ghost of a willow; and the colour, by dint of being excessively delicate, seems to become weak and ineffectual. No doubt "La Vanne" would be improved, if we may dare to say so, by being etched by a competent master.

For the figure-pieces in this collection we have no special praise. They are not bad, but they are not characteristic. The three strange ladies in "La Danse des Nymphes" (3) are chiefly interesting from the astonishingly clever way in which the cold, low flesh-tints of their limbs are relieved against the intense gold colour of the sky. "Le Passeur" (17) is amusingly romantic, a sort of rustic St. Christopher fording a shallow stream with a staff in his hand, and a feudal castle on a rock behind him. But this is not the Corot whom we would gladly go out into a wilderness to see. It is rather the Corot of the "Lac de Gardé," of "Le Lac," and of "La Mare aux Grenouilles," the landscape-painter in whose pictures the atmosphere is so liquid and circulates so freely that all other paintings, by the side of his, look "painty" and artificial.

The Dutch school of our own day is very little known in this country, and the excellent collection of water-colour drawings by some of its leading artists, now on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond Street, is very welcome. It is in water-colour that the Dutch painters of the present generation have particularly excelled; their Water-Colour Society, which still, we believe, holds its annual shows at the Hague, is a body which deserves all consideration. The visitor to the present exhibition will feel himself in some want of a guide. We know of no account, published in this country, of the recent painters of Holland, and the Fine Art Society, which loves to give little prefatory essays, might on this occasion, with unusual propriety, have vouchsafed a few facts and dates. We freely confess that it is only the older, or at least middle-aged, artists who are more than a name to ourselves, and there are drawings here, worthy to rank with the best, signed by painters of whom we have to admit that we never heard. The only modern Dutch painters well known in England are Israëls, and, to some extent, Mesdag, the sea-painter. The veteran school of Holland is represented at the Fine Art Society by Jean Bosboom and Jan Weissenbruch. The former, who is perhaps the first architectural painter of his time in Europe, exhibits "The Old Church, Amsterdam" (63), "The Church, Scheveningen" (75), "S. Gudule, Brussels" (38), and other fine drawings, of which the first is perhaps the most telling, with its exquisitely delicate arrangement of light and shadow. Bosboom retains the manner of the old architectural painters of Holland in the seventeenth century, but he adds to it a fuller science and a greater charm of tone. Nothing is more typical of the life of Holland than these empty, whitewashed, church interiors of Bosboom. Weissenbruch, who is slightly younger, has more in common with the later generation; indeed, so modern are his landscapes here, his "Cows Drinking" (13) and his "Haarlem" (8), that we should expect them to be the work of a son or a nephew, if we knew of the existence of such relatives. Such a supposition is, however, needless; the "Haarlem" belongs to the class of strongly-coloured town-landscapes by which the old Weissenbruch has been chiefly known.

The modern school properly began with Julius van de Sande-Bakhuysen, with the Maris family, with Mesdag, and with Mauve. This extraordinary group of painters, the contemporaries of our own leading artists of the day, revolutionized the practice of water-colour painting in Holland, and introduced the refined, richly-coloured, somewhat liquid, decidedly melancholy style which is still in fashion. All these eminent men are represented at the Fine Art Society. The single example of Van de Sande-Bakhuysen, "The Palace in the Wood" (21), at the Hague, seen in snow against an amber-coloured sunset sky is interesting if not very characteristic; the visitor should not fail to notice the "Azaleas" (102) of his elder sister Gerardina, in her day the leading Dutch flower-painter. The Maris brothers are well represented. On entering, the attention is first arrested by the cold chalky dunes, dreary sky, and inevitable windmill of Jakob Maris's "Environs of the Hague" (3); but a still more admirable example, and in its way one of the most beautiful and skilful water-colour drawings we have lately seen, is the same painter's "Towing Path" (65), which is marvellously rich in colour. By Willem Maris is a "Cows Drinking" (52) and "Dutch Meadows" (109), neither of them very important. The extraordinary drawing of two children, travestied as prince and princess, flirting in a fog, called "The Walk" (77), is attributed in the catalogue to M. Maris—that is,

we suppose, to Matthijs, the genre painter, brother to Jakob and Willem. It is strangely reminiscent of Rossetti, and totally unlike anything else in the collection. The work of Mesdag in oils is not unfrequently seen, and always admired, at the Royal Academy. We meet with him here as a water-colour painter in his "Trolhätten" (57) and his "North Sea" (67); the latter is a magnificent drawing; but, on the whole, we prefer Mesdag when he works in the bolder and heavier medium. Mauve, on the other hand, is marked by the very nature of his genius for water-colour. In his pastoral way he has in him something of Théodore Rousseau, on the one hand, and of our own Mason on the other. There are no drawings at the Fine Art Society more exquisite in colour than his "Goats" (107) or his "Cow Keeper" (81).

From those whom we recognize we must pass, with little sense of loss, to those whom we now meet for the first time. J. S. H. Kever exhibits a series of peasant scenes, interiors of smoky, tile-floored cottages, less melancholy in sentiment and gloomy in colour than those of Israëls, and full of charm. We note in particular "A Girl Sewing" (44) and "Amusing Baby" (60). "Dutch Meadows near Gouda" (7), with the rank green of its summer grass and the delicate perspective of the light, is remarkably fine; it is signed by W. Roelofs. Exceedingly strong and bold are the drawings of P. de Josselin de Jong, "Horses Drinking" (15) and "An African Fruit-seller" (70), the latter somewhat in the manner of Mr. Carl Haag, but more vigorously executed. Very beautiful, in its watery Dutch way, is the "On the River, Moonlight" (35), of B. Höpfe, a study of vitreous colour falling through broken clouds on a showery night. V. Bauffe is more distinctly romantic than these conscientiously prosaic Dutchmen commonly allow themselves to be in his "View of a Town by Moonlight" (51). G. Henkes paints a full-length of a grave old gentleman "Looking Out" (54) of a window. We know not how to bring our catalogue of noticeable drawings to a close. Poggenbeek's "Ducks at the Brook" (62), Mme. Mesdag van Houten's "Heath near Eede" (103), and Van der Maarel's impressionist "At the Altar" (18) must be the last we mention. But we strongly recommend to our readers both the Corot exhibition and the collection of Dutch water-colour drawings, as displaying features of foreign modern art which are rarely seen to advantage in this country.

MUSIC.

THE Norwich Festival of 1887 was rendered remarkable by the production of a work of important dimensions by a member of the small band of contemporary Italian musicians whose aims are directed towards founding a new school of music in their country. Signor Mancinelli's sacred cantata, *Isaias*, was at once recognized as a work of great interest, principally because it was the most characteristic example which had so far been heard in this country of the productions of the little group of composers of whom its author, Verdi, Boito, and Faccio are the most distinguished members. It does not, therefore, speak well for the enterprise of our London Choral Societies that no second performance of the cantata should have taken place until last Wednesday week, when the Royal Choral Society performed it at the Albert Hall, under Mr. Barnby's direction. The impression produced by a second hearing is not materially different to that formed on the previous occasion. *Isaias* is a strange mixture of beauty and ugliness, of bold effects and massive orchestration, and of deliberate neglect of accepted rules and traditions. Yet, on the whole, the work does not deserve to be neglected; it is never for a moment dull, which is more than can be said of most oratorios and sacred cantatas, and its good parts are more numerous than those which are absolutely to be condemned. Its composer's method is essentially operative; the means he employs are simple in the extreme; he uses neither elaborate contrapuntal devices nor intricate polyphonic writing, but obtains his effects by merely piling up choral and instrumental masses of sound, and by sonorous rather than elaborate orchestration. He has been reproached with being Wagnerian in his tendencies; but nothing is further from the German master's method than that employed by Signor Mancinelli. Wagner's system of interweaving leading themes is entirely opposed to the simple and often unisonous passages of the Italian musician. Where the latter has to some extent been influenced by Germany is in his declamatory writing for the solo voices. Here he seems deliberately to have abandoned the good traditions of the Italian school, and to have produced something which may be intended to be Teutonic, but is too often only a caricature of extreme and wilful ugliness. His natural style is sensuous and melodious; but in the long declamatory passages for Isaias, Hezekias, and Sennacherib he is parading in a disguise which, clever though it undoubtedly is, cannot be accepted as either genuine or satisfactory. The real strength of the work lies in its choral and instrumental portions, and in the music allotted to the two female characters. Here Signor Mancinelli shows he is capable of writing music which is always dramatically effective and often extremely beautiful. The chorus and duet between Anna and Judith, the Finale to the First Part, the chorus of maidens and soprano solo in the Second Part, are all full of beauty, and the orchestral intermezzo representing the destruction of the camp of Sennacherib is picturesque and dramatic.

The performance did the greatest credit to Mr. Barnby and his choir. The extremely difficult choral music was sung to perfection, and the orchestra was all that could be desired. The solos were undertaken by Mme. Nordica, Miss Lena Little, Messrs. McGuckin, Alec Marsh, and Lucas Williams. Miss Little and Mr. McGuckin resumed the parts which they sang at Norwich; but Mr. Marsh, who on that occasion sang the music allotted to Sennacherib, at the Albert Hall undertook the more arduous part of Isaias. As far as intelligence and good method could go he was entirely successful, but constant singing in opera-bouffe seems to have affected his voice, which shows signs of undue wear and tear. The very difficult solo of Sennacherib was excellently sung by Mr. Lucas Williams, whose fine voice told admirably against the rather overpowering orchestration. Mme. Nordica, who sang the part originally undertaken by Mme. Albani, left nothing to desire. It is a great pity that the work should not have been performed in the original Latin, instead of in the very bald English version of Mr. Joseph Bennett, a version which recalls the worst translations of Italian Opera librettos. The Latin text, the work of Dr. Albini, a disciple of Carducci and Guerini and the poets of the young Italian school, is singularly elegant, and would have been far preferable in every sense. *Isaias* was preceded by Mr. Barnby's Psalm, "The Lord is King," a work which is sufficiently familiar to need no comment.

The Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday was of especial interest, as the programme included a new Symphony by Professor Stanford—a work which had not previously been heard in England, though it was produced on the 14th of January last at a concert given by the composer at Berlin. Dr. Stanford's new work is the fourth Symphony he has written; his first and second compositions of this class have not been frequently heard since their first production, but his third Symphony, the Irish, is one of the most successful of its kind which has been written during the last few years. Curiosity was therefore aroused as to whether the composer would succeed in reaching as high a standard in his new work as he did in his last Symphony, and it may at once be acknowledged that the work played on Saturday at Sydenham, though perhaps lacking in some of the elements of popularity present in its predecessor, is in every way worthy of the composer's reputation, and is likely eventually to take up a position of its own. Dr. Stanford, following a fashion in vogue of late years, has prefixed to his Symphony the motto

Thro' youth to strife,
Thro' death to life;

but this, though evidently intended as giving a clue to the general colouring of the four parts of which the work consists, may safely be neglected by the listener, for the music is sufficiently interesting of itself, and needs no extraneous assistance to make it acceptable. In form the Symphony is constructed upon strictly conservative lines. It consists of the usual four movements, each of which, considered technically, contains writing well worthy by its mastery of form and science of the pen of the Cambridge Professor of Music. At the same time the display of erudition is never obtrusive or pedantic; the subjects are more than usually attractive, and their treatment throughout is masterly in the extreme. The only departure from accepted forms is in the slow movement, where the introduction of the principal subject is preceded by impressive recitative passages of some length, started by the violins and taken up by the other instruments of the orchestra. Of the four movements the second is the least attractive. In it the composer has made use of one of the entr'actes to his music to the *Edipus Rex* of Sophocles, which was written for the performance of the Greek Play in 1887 at Cambridge. This short piece has been lengthened by the introduction of a trio, and whether it was from an acquaintance with it in the original form, or from any intrinsic defects, the impression produced at Saturday's performance was that the movement was somewhat disconnected in form and generally less satisfactory than the rest of the work. The performance was conducted by Mr. Manns with his usual care, though the last movement was taken at so fast a pace that it lost much of its effect. The other orchestral numbers of the programme were Mendelssohn's overture, *Ruy Blas*, Handel's overture to *Saul*, and a selection from Grieg's music to *Peer Gynt*. The solo pianist was Miss Fanny Davies, who played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, Op. 35, and a Concerto by Reinecke. The latter work might well have been left to the obscurity into which it sank after its performance at these concerts some twenty years ago; it is merely a cleverly concocted medley of recollections from the works of Schumann and Mendelssohn, and not even Miss Davies's fine playing could render it palatable. The vocalist was Fräulein Fillunger, whose fine voice and good style were heard to advantage in Beethoven's "Ah perfido" and in an arrangement of Schubert's "Die Allmacht," with orchestral accompaniment. Her success in both pieces was signal; such singing is a welcome change from the usual vocal displays at the Saturday Concerts.

The announcement of the first appearance at the Popular Concerts of the Norwegian composer Edward Grieg and his wife attracted immense audiences at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon and again on Monday evening. On both occasions the chief part of the programme was devoted to Herr Grieg's works, the selections on Saturday including three songs from Op. 5,

two pianoforte solos—"On the Mountains" and "Norwegian Bridal Procession"—from *Aus dem Volksleben* (Op. 19), the Violoncello and Pianoforte Sonata in A Minor, Op. 36; and three songs from *Rejsesminder fra Fjeld og Fjord* (Op. 44); while on Monday the vocal numbers consisted of "Prinsessen," "Vandrig i Skoven," "Med en primula-veris," "Våren," and "Eit syn"; and the instrumental of a short Improvisata from Op. 29, an Album-blatt from Op. 28, one of the pianoforte arrangements of Norwegian dances, from Op. 17, and the Pianoforte and Violin Sonata in F Major, Op. 8. Both the artists took part in these numbers alone, so that it is impossible to judge whether their powers are of wide extent. The probability is that they are not; but within the limits to which they are confined no more perfect nor interesting performances have been heard. Without possessing much power, Mme. Grieg charmed the audience by the singularly unconventional style of her singing. Her voice is not remarkable for tone or quality, and it is no longer in its first freshness; but her singing is so delightful that it captivates the ear and disarms criticism. Herr Grieg's playing has many of the same qualities as his wife's singing. Both in their own way are perfect, and the pianist shows that he is an executant of high merit, while at the same time his playing is remarkable for the total absence of the least degree of affectation or eccentricity. It is full of poetic charm and expression, and, like his music, has a character of its own which it is impossible to explain otherwise than as an echo of the artist's nationality. The remainder of the programme of last Monday's Concert consisted of Beethoven's Trio for Strings, Op. 9, No. 2, and Dvořák's fine but unequal String Quartet in E flat, Op. 51.

JULIUS CÆSAR AT OXFORD.

UNLIKE their friendly rivals of the Cambridge A.D.C., the Oxford undergraduates are not permitted to wander fancy free in the domain of modern comedy and contemporary burlesque. And so far the limitation imposed upon their productions by the "authorities" has been eminently justified by results. In the few years of the existence of the O.U.D.S., its members have placed upon the stage—and in every case with marked success—no less than five Shakspearian plays, to say nothing of their eminently successful production of the *Alcestis* a couple of years ago. *The Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* have successively been produced with infinite care, mainly through the exertions of the undergraduates themselves, aided in some cases by senior members of the Society. For their latest revival they have selected *Julius Cæsar*. In many respects the play is well chosen. It is admirably adapted to the tastes of an Academic audience and to the resources of an Academic Society. There are plenty of parts, and many of them good ones; while the opportunities for the effective treatment of archaeological details are almost infinite. We may say at once that none of these opportunities have been lost. The Society has been fortunate enough to secure the experienced services of Mr. Stewart Dawson, of University College. The rehearsals of the play have been under his superintendence from the first, with the result that the general "staging" is excellent. Not less lucky has the Society been in inducing Mr. Alma Tadema to design the principal scenes. The view of the Forum, the Roman Street, and Cæsar's Palace, all painted from Mr. Tadema's designs, are more than models of scenic representation; they are in themselves pictures of extraordinary beauty. For the scene in the Capitol—admirably painted by Mr. Hall—the management have wisely had recourse to M. Gérôme's celebrated picture of the "Death of Cæsar." The idea there suggested has been seized and developed with much ingenuity and skill, and a stage picture eminently effective is the result; indeed, it would be difficult to speak too warmly of the artistic skill which has clearly been brought to bear upon the whole production.

Of the individual performers we may speak in terms of equal commendation. Such dramatic unity as the play can boast of (which, as we shall contend, is at the best but slight) hinges upon the character of Brutus. The part has been entrusted to Mr. Arthur Bouchier, of Christ Church, the original founder, and still the acting manager, of the Society. His Brutus is full of clever touches, and will, we doubt not, be still further developed as the run goes on. At present it is a trifle unequal. In the tent scene, in his interview with Cassius, and during the apparition of Cæsar's ghost, he is at his best. Mark Antony is played by Mr. W. J. Morris, M.A., of Jesus College, whose reading of the part is finished and consistent. Mr. Morris is not only an actor of great power, he is an elocutionist of the first order, and he has succeeded in not being below the famous funeral oration. The whole arrangement of this scene was exceedingly effective, and the contagion of the gradually warming enthusiasm of the crowd spread unmistakably to the audience itself, by whom, on the fall of the act-drop, Mr. Morris was repeatedly and deservedly recalled. Another clever performance is that of Mr. E. H. Clarke, B.A., of New College, who plays the difficult, and in some respects thank-

less, part of Cassius with great success. Mr. E. F. Nugent, of Christ Church, whose Slender was, perhaps, the most conspicuous "hit" in the late revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, finds but small scope in the part of Cinna; but all that can be done with it he does. In appearance and make-up nothing could be better than Mr. Grahame, of Balliol, who plays the title rôle. Among the smaller parts mention should in fairness be made of two. As Marullus Mr. Temple Franks, B.A., of University, has a fine bit of declamation, of which he makes the most; while Mr. H. B. Irving, of New College, gave obvious evidence of the possession of hereditary talent in the small but telling part of Decius Brutus.

Julius Cesar makes small demands upon the ladies; but such demands as it does make were well met by Mrs. Charles Sim and Mrs. W. L. Courtney, who played the parts of Calpurnia and Portia respectively. Indeed, one of the most deservedly applauded scenes in the whole play was that in which Portia claims from Brutus the right to share his whole life without reserve. Nothing could have been more full of grace and pathos than Mrs. Courtney's delivery of the lines:—

No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and upon my knees
I charm you by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you.

The music for the revival has been written by Mr. Leslie Mayne, M.A., of Oriel College. The overture and preludes, though by no means devoid of a certain grace, are somewhat thin and beneath the dignity of the tragedy they are designed to illustrate. But the song in Act V., written for John Downland's words (and very simply and prettily sung by Miss Brigstocke), is a most charming bit of composition, and will be heard of again.

On the whole, therefore, the last revival of the O. U. D. S. may be said to compare favourably, and more than favourably, with those that have preceded it. Nothing which could contribute to the completeness of the whole has been neglected by Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Stewart Dawson, or, indeed, by any of the collaborators in this bold enterprise.

But, notwithstanding the admirable "staging" of the play, notwithstanding the care obviously lavished upon every detail in the production, notwithstanding the undoubted success achieved by not a few of the individual performers, the revival does not present *Julius Cesar* as a wholly effective acting play. Needless to say, it is full of pieces of splendid rhetoric, of passages of tender pathos, and of lines whose charm is only enhanced by their familiarity; but for all that there is a lack of dramatic unity, the sense of which is deepened in the mind of the spectator as the play proceeds. This very elaboration gives to the action something of stiffness which is wholly absent in the later tragedies. Hence *Julius Cesar* seems to us to be a play rather for the closet than the stage. For all that, we owe a debt to the Oxford Society, and more especially to their energetic manager, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, for the opportunity afforded by them of seeing a play which, despite its superficial imperfections, is seen too rarely.

THE BAR AS A PROFESSION.

III.

IN the final selection of a young man's career feminine influence sometimes turns the scale; and if the Bar is resolved upon as offering the best chances of distinction, supplemented by some sort of a living, it is sometimes because, in the opinion of the ladies most intimately concerned, the profession of the law is "so interesting." This view of the matter is partly right and partly wrong; being based, in the vast majority of cases, upon the prominence accorded by the newspapers of a more or less sensational character when "the parties" occupy a certain—or, more often, as it turns out, an uncertain—position in the world. No doubt there is much that is "interesting" to the student of law both before and after he has undergone the mild purgatory of "exams," and "dinners in Hall." Doubtless, also, it is very gratifying to the young man of five-and-twenty to find himself in wig and gown, with a mass of "papers" before him, sitting in Court immediately behind the great man who "leads" him, opening the pleadings in the presence, perhaps, of the majesty and might of the Bar of England, and sitting down at the end of a couple of minutes with as important an air as if he had already gained the verdict by his own unaided efforts. Gratifying is it, also, to read in the newspapers the next day full reports of the great case of *Nokes versus Styles*, wherein the name of the young aspirant to forensic honours and emoluments is coupled with that of the astute cross-examiner or the brilliant verdict-getter; to be smiled upon by the "attorney class," and worshipped from afar by youths yet in the thrall of studentship; to be spoken of as one of the "coming men" a couple of years after

"call," and so on. This is the bright side of a Bar career; but only those who have had painful experiences of the reverse of the medal can adequately depict the gloom, the misery, the humiliations, and the heart-breakings which attend the unsuccessful barrister—the man to whose chambers no solicitor ever dreams of sending briefs, who lives heaven knows how if he has no private means and is destitute of literary talent.

Most of the work at the Bar, even when it comes, is absolutely uninteresting. And this is more especially so in the case of the "junior," who seldom has any but the most ordinary and commonplace part of the work to do; although, to judge by the mountain of "papers" in almost every case, one would imagine that it would require the skill of a Berryer, or a Bethel, or a Benjamin to master them. Under the present system—which certain members of both branches of the legal profession consider an anomaly—the lion's share of the work falls to the solicitor, whose consultations with the very superior gentlemen in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn are sometimes nothing less than farcical, if not indeed supremely ridiculous, not infrequently culminating in a chop at the "Rainbow" or the more modest refectory at "Groom's." Reverting to what is called "chamber work," it cannot be gainsaid that it is as barren of interest to those engaged in it as is the drudgery of a solicitor's office. There is scarcely a doubtful point of law involved in one out of a dozen sets of "papers" sent to a barrister's chambers; in fact, were it not that the practice and etiquette of the Bar demand a rigmorole method of procedure, litigants would be saved nearly one-half the expense which they are now compelled to incur, simply because of the divided system, under which the solicitor, A, "gets up" the case, the "junior" barrister, B, looks at it condescendingly without feeling any particular interest in it, save a pecuniary one, and the "silk," C, does his utmost to secure a verdict, which in the great majority of cases—certainly of cases tried before a jury—is a sheer toss-up. Looking at the Bar from the sordid, or money, point of view, it is impossible to blink the fact that as a profession it becomes more hopeless every year, the really profitable business being more and more confined to a small number of men who have either come to the front by an admixture of chance, good luck, and natural genius, or, owing to interest, have been thrust into leading positions, which they have somehow managed to keep.

A curious anomaly connected with the Bar is, that barristers are unable to sue for their fees, and that if the solicitors who employ them do not pay the fees they have marked, there is no power that can compel them to do so. The only check in relation to this that a barrister possesses is when he has appeared for a successful litigant, or when a bill of costs in which his services figure is being taxed between solicitor and client. In these cases the taxing-master refuses to allow the counsel's fees without a voucher bearing the counsel's own signature. It is a common practice, however, among solicitors of the more shady description to "agree their costs" with the other side, and so avoid taxation altogether. When this is done the barrister is very frequently "dished." The Incorporated Law Society has, it is true, in some few cases interfered (as, for instance, when the lay client has actually handed his solicitor the counsel's fees with specific instructions as to their payment), and it is only fair to say that that excellent body does its utmost to put a stop to malpractices such as these. But its good offices are not always invoked, and a great deal of very ugly business goes on of which it is profoundly ignorant. It has been frequently suggested that counsel should be placed upon the same footing as all other professional men, and be allowed to sue for their fees, and at the same time be held legally responsible for negligence. It has been argued that this would more equally distribute the work of the Bar, as the more prominent men would not run the risk of taking, as they do now, an amount of work to which they cannot possibly attend. This is very plausible in theory, but in practice it would be found to be absolutely impracticable. Members of the Bar cannot arrange as to what cases shall be heard in each one of the numerous Courts, neither can they control or even predict with any positive certainty how long the hearing of any one case will last. The barrister, with the assistance of his clerk, makes inquiries as to the probable time the cases in any of the Courts will last in which he may be engaged, in order that he may form an opinion as to whether he will be able to attend personally to any case offered to him in another Court. More than this he could not do under any circumstances. And if, as sometimes happens, a counsel finds himself engaged in two or three cases at the same time, it is in no sense his fault. Then, too, some of the briefs may very possibly have been delivered to him many weeks before the cases actually appear in the lists for hearing, and in the meantime he would necessarily have expended much time and labour in mastering the facts in each case (and in many cases the facts are most complicated) and also in considering, in order that he may be prepared to efficiently argue, any points of law that may arise.

Only a very moderate amount of ability is necessary to enable a man who has once mastered the technicalities of the law to conduct a case, big or little, in a manner satisfactory to all concerned—with, of course, the solitary exception of the client who loses and is compelled to pay. Of the five thousand barristers who, as indicated in the first article of this series, comprise the army of Themis, there are hundreds all equally competent to conduct the knottiest cases, who are shunned—one might almost say "banned"—by solicitors for the simple reason that they are not what is termed "known." As the natural result of this system,

the work is most unequally divided, the select few getting infinitely more business than they can possibly attend to, even with the help of obsequious "devils," while the men without "names," but often with an abundance of brains, energy, and power, not figuratively, but literally, starve, and end their days in obscure poverty. This is a hard saying, but it is none the less true.

REVIEWS.

GOSSE'S EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.*

THIS volume belongs to the same series as Mr. Saintsbury's account of Elizabethan literature which we noticed some time ago. Mr. Gosse's task is one that calls for less vigour than grappling with the giants of the English Renaissance, but it may also be thought to call for more patience and judgment. It may be said, with no more inaccuracy than is involved in the anti-thetic form, that in the Elizabethan period writers of genius created a literature, and in the eighteenth century a literary habit produced excellent writers. Dominant figures, indeed, are not wanting; there is no doubt or choice about the importance to be given to Dryden, Pope, Swift, Fielding, Johnson. Nor are there wanting names of less massive authority which yet carry with them a charm more than proof against time, and live in an ethereal immortality. Such are, in their various kinds, Berkeley, Gilbert White, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith; if we do not add Pepys, it is that we can hardly bring ourselves to associate him with the eighteenth century. Still the century must, on the whole, be contrasted with its predecessor as an age of respectable workmanship. The standard may not have been a lofty one, but there was, with only slight interruptions, a steady supply of literary performance which came up to it. Hence it is difficult to offer fair samples of this average work without becoming wearisome, or to make a selection of the best quality without seeming capricious.

In traversing the spacious field of English letters from the Restoration to the French Revolution, Mr. Gosse has certainly done the first thing needful; he has produced a very readable book. It may be supposed an advantage that he has already had occasion, once and again, to survey parts of the ground in detail. But every one who has had to work more than once over the same ground, literary or technical, on different scales and for different purposes will be aware that the writer's actual labour is thereby little diminished, if at all. Former experience in particulars gives a sureness in handling the generalities, and a sort of instinctive judgment in touching the things of secondary importance that deserve only to be touched, which nothing else will. The reader's profit is secured; the cost to the writer is almost the same as if he were taking up new matter. It is a recasting, not an abridgment. Uniform and artistic treatment of such a subject as a whole, however familiar all the parts may have been, signifies hard work. Mr. Gosse may be congratulated on both industry and art.

We may as well dispose at once of some points of minute criticism. There was an early and unauthorized edition of Shaftesbury's *Inquiry Concerning Virtue*, which Toland caused to be printed from an imperfect copy in 1699. Mr. Gosse says that "no copy of this edition appears to be at present known to exist"; and this we believe to be quite correct so far as regards any information accessible in public libraries or in a regular course of research. We are certainly informed, however, that a copy does exist in private hands. It is entitled *An Enquiry concerning Virtue in two Discourses; viz. I. Of Virtue and the belief of a Deity. II. Of the Obligations to Virtue*; and purports to be printed for A. Bell, in Cornhill. Another bit of supplementary bibliography, though of microscopic literary importance in itself, may be not without curiosity as illustrating the vicissitudes of eighteenth-century taste in versification. *The Chace*, by William Somerville, Esq. (so his name is spelt in the old editions), is one of the limited number of blank-verse poems of the first half of the century. It has its value as a document in the history of sport, marking with exactness, among other things, the rise of fox-hunting. The fox is hunted, but in a much less serious way than the hare, and he is not preserved. He is pursued as a noxious animal, a "Felon vile," and other forms of vulpicide are mentioned without disapproval. But this is not now our business; we have to do with Somerville as a champion of blank verse, professedly conscious of crying in the wilderness. "The gentlemen," he says in the preface, "who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of every Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhime, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the *Paradise lost*, Mr. Smith's Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another Opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the Example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragick Writers." This poem, to which, according to Dr. Johnson, praise cannot be totally denied, has been among the most popular of the didactic species. There have been many editions, and one or two quite

lately. Now in the same year with the fourth edition (1749), another bookseller brought out a paraphrase of it in heroic couplets by a person unnamed, who was of opinion that "In Blank Verse the rough Sound and harsh Cadence, which are tiresome to the Ear of the less polish'd Reader, is frequent complained of; the Periods are less sweet, and by frequent moving into one another lessen the Poem almost to Common Conversation: On the contrary, the tuneful Harmony of Rhime eases the Reader, smooths the Poem, and, by adding Sweetness to Energy, beautifies and animates the Whole." The result was certainly no improvement, and the converted Somerville appears to have been soon forgotten, and to have escaped even the great public libraries. The copy before us is bound up with the genuine edition of the same date, and—as if the ardour of the Chace needed cooling from Armstrong's "gelid cistern"—with the third edition of the *Art of Preserving Health*, which we shall hold the absolute zero of bald and flat English metre until we can hear of anything worse. We speak (let us add, to prevent any misunderstanding) not without knowledge of Blackmore's *Creation*. It is odd that neither Somerville's own bookseller nor the parasitic rhymester gives any hint of the author's death, which is stated to have happened in 1742.

Exactness compels us to note in another matter that Mr. Gosse has fallen into the trivial error—trivial in the strictly literal sense, for it is very common—of supposing Gilbert White, the naturalist, to have been vicar of Selborne. He was a Fellow of Oriel, and the living was a Magdalen living; he never held it. His grandfather, also named Gilbert, had in fact been vicar, and this, taken with the more famous grandson's long residence at Selborne, no doubt led to the confusion. In some popular editions of the *Natural History of Selborne* the mistake appears side by side with the documents which tacitly correct it. Mr. Gosse's book, dealing with so great a number of facts and dates of all degrees of importance, would be of more than human workmanship if it were wholly free from slips of this kind. We never heard yet of a book that escaped making some sacrifice to the Fates; the printer will make it if the author does not. Candid readers will agree with us that this is a reasonably light one.

So much for these unconsidered trifles. Our readers may think them frivolous, but they will be of more use to Mr. Gosse's second edition, and by that means to the world of letters, than any general observations we can offer on points which are in themselves more interesting, but can be referred only to individual opinion and taste. Recurring, however, from unaffected prose to affected poetry, we should say that Mr. Gosse, anxious to do full justice to the blank verse of his period, overrates the merits of Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grace*. He does not mention (as he was not strictly bound to mention) the accidental merit which they have in common—namely, that they served as vehicles for the work in another kind of William Blake, a man of so much higher genius, both artistic and poetic, that the difference between Young and Blair, sensible enough while we attend to those worthies alone, becomes invisible in such a gulf of disparity. Certain other *dii minorum gentium*, such as Tickell, get at least very good measure of commendation. But it is better to err on the side of charity in dealing with authors who are anything but likely to be too much read in this generation. We know not how far Mr. Browning has succeeded in reviving Christopher Smart, in whom there was real force and individuality. Not long ago, in looking over a collection of poetry-books for children of the earlier part of this century, compiled mostly with a view to edification rather than literary education, we found a well-marked stratum of extracts from the *Song to David*, apparently transmitted by repetition from one to another of these artless rhapsodists. In the same fashion, but in what book we cannot remember, we made acquaintance with Blake's *Tiger* long before we knew anything else about him—lying down, not with Blake's own lamb, his proper and unique antithesis, but among such flocks as mildly shamle on wooden joints where the tribe of Barbauld and Aikin spread their dry fodder. This same tradition of Smart, such as it was, may, for aught we know, have lingered on into the Victorian era.

There is less room for difference as to the prose of the eighteenth century. Whether we read more of it or less, we are its debtors for much of the settled use of modern English; and some of it must always be read as long as any English literature is read for literature's sake. And it has double and treble securities in its attachments to the continuous and indispensable history of English politics, jurisprudence, and natural and moral philosophy. Not much space can be given to the philosophers in a general account of English books; but we are glad to see that Berkeley's admirable writing has its due at Mr. Gosse's hands. The only question we are disposed to make is whether it was needful to decide between Berkeley and Hume. We have no mind to maintain that Hume's *Dialogues on Natural Religion* are better than *Hylas and Philonous*, for nothing could be better. But our own opinion is that they are as good. And we wish that our modern students would at any rate lay a foundation of Berkeley and Hume before surfeiting themselves with Kantian and post-Kantian monstrosities of metaphysical diction.

Mr. Gosse's own style is in general pleasing and appropriate. Here and there we could wish it less adorned with metaphor; once or twice we have come upon a Gallicism we could well do without; and sometimes details of no great importance are twice or thrice repeated at no long interval and without any manifest reason. It may have been thought proper, even at some cost of elegance, to make every part of the exposition as complete in itself

* *A History of Eighteenth-Century Literature (1660-1780)*. By Edmund Gosse. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

as possible. We have been treating the book, however, as a real book, and not as an "indispensable book of reference," which may be defined as a book that everybody is presumed to refer to because nobody is known to read it. Mr. Gosse's book will be, we hope, much referred to, and, we fear, not a little pilfered from. But it is in the first place a book to read.

NOVELS.*

A NEW story by Mrs. Walford is always an event worth looking forward to with pleasure. Not that one can always expect to get such another as that most delightful book *The Baby's Grandmother*, but still in everything the author writes there are abundant signs of humorous observation, and description of character. Lady Caroline Liscard, the mother of the heroine, is a martinet in petticoats, who has ruled her whole household and her relations with a rod of iron all her life. No one has ever dared to say her nay, and she is therefore all the more surprised when she discovers that her daughter Rosamund has inherited a goodly spice of her mother's self-will and obstinacy. Opposition of any kind Rosamund soon proves that she will not brook, and Lady Caroline being unwise enough to show most undisguised disapproval of a certain Major Gilbert, who had taken Rosamund's passing fancy, the passing fancy is immediately fanned into positive feeling. After a battle royal between mother and daughter, Rosamund, backed by the egoism of her father, who sees in the match an excellent way of disposing of one member of a too numerous family, wins the day. The disappointment and the sense of defeat and of humiliation are too much for Lady Caroline; for she had set her heart on Rosamund marrying her distant cousin, Lord Hartland—a marriage which would have probably taken place if she had not bored both the young people with too much praise of each other. She dies, and Rosamund finds she has made a mistake. She solves matters by falling into a brain fever, after which there is, as it were, a fresh deal all round; and after some delay, to give Hartland time to calm his feelings by a voyage round the world, the story ends fairly happily. The worst thing one can say against the story is that it is a little too spun out, and it would have perhaps been improved if it had been compressed into two volumes instead of being lengthened to three; but much may be forgiven to a book that contains a Rosamund and an Aunt Julia.

Prolixity is certainly not a reproach to be laid at Miss Amy Levy's door. She calls her book "a sketch," and so it is; but it bears in its comparatively few pages the proof of being "a sketch from nature," and there is no doubt of the author being a very close observer of the nature she undertakes to depict. Story there is next to none. Reuben Sachs, a clever and rising young Jew, has flirted for many years with Judith Quixano, the niece of his aunt's husband. He can hardly make up his mind to propose, for she is almost a dowryless girl. The attentions shown to her by an acquaintance of his, a certain Lee-Harrison, a Christian who has obtained a footing in the Jewish community by his conversion to the Mosaic faith, stimulates Reuben Sachs's somewhat dormant affection. It is not stimulated quite enough, however; and he is punished accordingly. In its way the book is one of the cleverest sketches that has appeared for a long time of life and manners in a certain section of society in London, of which the outer world knows but little. Whether the members of this section will be pleased at the picture is another matter; and we do not envy Miss Amy Levy the reception she would probably receive were she to return to the bosom of "the Community."

In these days, when the merry burglar goes a-burgling with such unpleasant frequency, a story such as *A Dangerous Catspaw* cannot fail to interest many readers. The story opens with a trial at the Old Bailey, when a young barrister, Wyncott Esden, succeeds, by his wonderful powers of persuasion, in coaxing a verdict of acquittal out of the jury in favour of Reuben Gale, a tool manufacturer, accused of burglary and assault "with intent to do grievous bodily harm." In gratitude to his defender Gale first offers him a sum of money, and, when Esden refuses it, induces him to accept a *souvenir* in the shape of an exquisitely finished "jemmy," which he shows Esden as a proof of his skill as a maker of tools. Though Esden refuses with scorn the offer of money from his whilom client, he is in terrible straits, owing to a bill which is just due, and which an unfortunate friend, overburdened with children and a sick wife, has backed. It would, perhaps, hardly be fair to tell the story further, and to describe how Esden, distracted by the difficulties that surround him, and by the thought of the ruin of the helpless creature who has gone

security for him, falls into crime when the demon of opportunity presents itself; nor how he finally has the pluck to redeem his sin as far as he is able. The story is one that is likely to be read through at a sitting by any one who comes across it; the interest is well sustained all through, and the only reproach we find to make is that the inevitable detective from Scotland Yard is one that we have met often before in the pages of modern novelists.

It must be owned that "the author of *St. Olave's*" has not been happy in the choice of a title for *The Blue Ribbon*. No one could be blamed for fighting shy of a book so called, on the plea that such a volume must be a temperance tract in disguise. Considering that the ribbon in question is nothing more soul-stirring than the snood with which a young German girl ties her hair, to have dubbed it blue is sheer malevolence on the part of the author. The ribbon might just as well have been pink, or green, or violet, or all three together, and the feelings of the public would then not have been outraged by having a book with such a title as *The Blue Ribbon* offered to them in the guise of light literature. Apart from this outward error the book is a pleasant one enough. It is the story of the life of a lad, Roger Monkeston, who, with his mother and crippled sister, is left almost destitute at the death of the father, a farmer, who had drunk his way through his property as well as through the estimation of his neighbours. A rascally attorney, to whom an old gentleman has entrusted a certain sum to provide for Roger's education, keeps the money for himself, and lays the foundation of his fortune with the bank-shares that should have secured the Monkestones from want. Roger develops a strong taste for astronomical inventions, and is lucky enough to have an opening in the Woolthorpe Works, where he meets the German girl with whom he falls in love. But the German maiden has a glorious voice, and dreams of nothing but making a career for herself in the world of music; and her wish is fulfilled when the Festival takes place in the Cathedral town, and Gretchen finds favour in the eyes of the great prima donna, who offers to send her away to Naples to be properly taught. How Gretchen is rescued from the clutches of the manager, who was carrying her off with very different motives, it is not necessary to describe in detail, nor how all ends well.

The two volumes of stories by the late Miss Ella Baker are evidently meant for, and will undoubtedly please, a large class of youthful readers, and also their parents and guardians, who wish to provide them with blameless literature. The *Kingscote Stories* are plain and unpretending little tales, harmless and pleasant enough in a quiet way. The best is "Feathered Friends," which recounts how a poor cripple, not having the courage to propose to his lady-love himself, teaches a parrot to do it for him. The other volume by Miss Baker is a "Medieval Tale," which no doubt will interest many young readers, though it can hardly be said to rival Scott.

Of all forms of indigestion, literary indigestion is, perhaps, the worst, and any one who sets himself the task of reading *Cyril* will be likely to experience the malady in an acute form. Irrelevant digression and endless verbosity are the salient characteristics of this unwieldy volume, of which no less than two chapters are devoted to the description of an ordinary schoolboy cricket-match, and in which the speeches of most of the characters have an unpleasant habit of running into two or three pages of close print. We learn from the last page of the book that Mr. Drage has hitherto restricted his aspirations to literary fame to the limits of works on the criminal and commercial codes of Europe; and, as he writes with ease and fluency, his works on such congenial subjects are, no doubt, excellent. But if he is wise, he will not again attempt "a romantic novel."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.*

THESE two volumes of letters complete in the most ample way the Memoir of Motley which was written by his friend, Mr. O. W. Holmes. The editor claims in his preface to have exercised his office with discretion—not only in suppressing "comments upon persons and affairs which, however innocent or playful, might cause needless pain or misapprehension," but also in leaving out much mere repetition, or purely formal messages. As regards the first part of the claim Mr. Curtis is undoubtedly well entitled to the credit of judicious editing, to judge by the letters as they stand. There is nothing in them which ought to offend any man or woman of even exceptional thinness of skin. We do not suppose that Mr. Curtis's task can in this respect have been a difficult one. Motley seems to have been a thoroughly good-natured man, which is the more to his honour in that he was also clearly a very nervous one—and nerves do commonly lead men to the saying of sharp things. Neither does he seem to have enjoyed looking at the weak or ridiculous sides of his neighbours. In this, too, he was fortunate that either he escaped bores or endured them with a most creditable patience and forgave them without an effort. Still, whatever suppression there may have been to do Mr. Curtis has duly done, and in so far is entitled to his share of praise. We cannot say that he has been equally successful in keeping out much which, though

* *A Stiff-necked Generation*. By L. B. Walford. 3 vols. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

Reuben Sachs. A Sketch. By Amy Levy. 1 vol. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

A Dangerous Catspaw. By David Christie Murray and Henry Murray. 1 vol. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

The Blue Ribbon. By the Author of "St. Olave's." 1 vol. London: Spencer Blackett.

Kingscote Stories. By the late Ella Baker. 1 vol. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

Bertram de Drumont. A Medieval Tale. By the late Ella Baker. 1 vol. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

Cyril. A Romantic Novel. By Geoffrey Drage. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

* *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L.* Edited by George William Curtis. With Portrait. London: John Murray. 1889.

not only innocent, but pleasant enough, is not important or intrinsically interesting. Many of Motley's letters to his family, though doubtless nice, and such as one would like to receive for oneself, are hardly worth reprinting. They tell nothing about Motley which is not amply told in others, and at times they are mere repetitions of one another. It was very natural that, when Motley was writing at an interval of a few days, or even a few hours, to his wife and his mother, he should repeat the same descriptions and phrases. The two versions need not, however, have been both printed. An editor would have been well justified in taking the best. If this discretion had been freely exercised, and a somewhat more rigid test had been applied to all the letters before they were permitted to appear in a solemn collection, we might have had both a better and a smaller book. Motley himself would have gained; for it would be easy to pick out of these two volumes as many letters as would make one of convenient size and of a very pleasant character. As it is, the bulk of the collection is repellent, and it is, though not in by any means so great degree as some others, an example of the modern tendency to swell all biographies of, and biographical books about, contemporary celebrities to an excessive size. It is a pity, because Mr. Curtis might so easily have made out of Motley's letters a fireside book which one might have re-read for pleasure. The bulk of these volumes would make one think twice before taking them up if they contained letters as charming as Mme. de Sévigné's.

Having noted protest to this effect, however, we can go on to say that no great faculty either for reading or for skipping is required to enable any one to enjoy this Correspondence. One runs through it easily, with a constantly favourable feeling towards Motley personally, and puts it down with a decidedly enhanced opinion of his ability. It may scandalize some of his admirers to be told that he never in his published work wrote so well as he did in these letters, but it is the fact. In them he never strains to be picturesque, and rarely exerts himself to be witty. In his books he does both. Indeed, to judge from his letters, he had no real natural faculty for the picturesque at all. His portraits of persons he met are wanting in cleanness of outline and precision. More than that, he does not willingly give portraits at all. Of descriptions of scenery there are none in his letters, for which we do not greatly blame him. He made so many manifest efforts to write *de fort bon Carlyle* in his History, that it is not unfair to compare his letters with those of our own master of portraiture. The comparison shows us that, if Motley resolved to be picturesque, it was in spite of Minerva. There is nothing in his letters like the astoundingly vivid pictures which are scattered up and down Carlyle, the grotesque picture of Irving as happy father, or the outline of Poodle Byng, or the thumbnail portrait of Mrs. Basil Montagu. Motley at his best, in his letters to Lady William Russell for instance, or to his daughters, writes like a man of the world, simply, gaily, and in excellent taste, but never with much strength of colour and drawing. As it was always an effort with him to give these qualities, one cannot but wish that in his histories he had been content not to strive after them; for, if they are great when genuine, the imitation is trying. If Motley had been content to be always as flowing, as clear, as unaffected as he is in the account he gives his daughter of the quarrel which led to the war of 1866, he might not have been so popular as he was, but his work would have been at least as enduring as it is like to be, and have been free from that reproach of conscious imitation of both Macaulay and Carlyle which has been only too justly brought against him. From these letters, too, may be obtained a higher opinion of the strength of his historical sense than can be obtained from his books. In a comparatively early letter to his mother he insists on the historical interest of the Rhine, and goes on to say, in words which cannot be wholly pleasing to many of his countrymen:—

How different from the silent and solitary course of our own beautiful but deaf and dumb rivers! Great events, thick as the stars of heaven, have illuminated almost every day of its existence, and ten thousand charming fables from the misty and legendary mythology of the middle ages have lent a charm to every rock on its banks and to every brook that mingles with its waters.

Here spoke a man who knew that mere physical bigness is nothing, and that much more than half the beauty of any scene is given by what man has done in it, or said about it. He felt the enduring reality of the past, and in so far he surely had the historic sense. The higher and better kind, the sympathy which enters into the beliefs of other times and men, he at least tried to have. In 1866 he writes to his daughter from Vienna:—

The excellent old —, in gorgeous array, holding the Sword of State and other baubles, believes in it all with as much confiding simplicity and loyalty as we repose in our manifest destiny principles on July 4th. One must try to get into other people's minds, must try to look objectively at the world's events, if one would attain to anything like philosophy. I don't mean that we are to think and feel as those do whom we contemplate; far from it. But we must try to understand them a little.

It may be said, considering the grotesque unfairness of his portrait of Philip II., that his precept was better than his practice; but it is something to be right in faith, even if it does not have all the influence it should have on conduct. With Motley, at least, the desire had so far a good effect that it enabled him to be fair to the German princes of his own time. No American—not even such a travelled one as he was—could have written as he did about the dispossessed King of Hanover, unless he had learnt to look at things from the point of view of other men very fairly well. It

is also to his credit that he knew that impartiality means the faculty to draw St. Paul and Judas without unduly praising the first or blaming the second, and does not mean a wishywashy incapacity to choose between them, which is an interpretation of the term not uncommon in these days.

The pictures of European society which abound in these two volumes will not be found to be the least interesting parts of them. Motley saw much of it from first to last. As a youth, almost a boy, he lived in the student life of Germany as a comrade of Prince Bismarck's. From that time forward, as student or as diplomatist, he learnt to know Germany, Russia, Austria, Holland, England. He saw much of all of them with every advantage. An Englishman may possibly be prejudiced in his favour, for to England he is abundantly favourable. Not once, but a hundred times, he devotes long passages of his letters to insisting on the largeness, the ease, the manifold vitality, the freedom from petty social snobbery, the intellectual vitality and generosity of English society as he saw it. Not only did he compare us, much to our credit, with the aristocratic coterie life of Vienna, but he drew parallels between us and his own country, which, in sincerity, if not in passion and power of expression, are comparable to Carlyle's heartfelt good-bye to Scotch giganity. Even in the heat of his anger at the Confederate sympathies of England during the Civil War he never wavered in his belief that English society was at once the pleasantest and the noblest in the world. He must himself have had in no small degree the power of gaining the affection of the society he admired. He very early made acquaintances here, was well received before he was famous, and then was no mere lion of a day. This opinion of his inclines us, for our part, to repose the greater confidence in his rapid sketches of Russia, which he saw when Nicholas was at the height of his power, and of Austria, which he saw from the inside throughout the crisis of 1866. He was qualified to enjoy it all by nature. Never, even in his boyish days at Göttingen, did he indulge in the narrow priggery of the typical American who is for ever prating about "our country, Sir." Motley saw there were other countries, and was never at all sure that they were inferior. Therefore he was allowed to enjoy them and could understand them. Although from time to time his patriotism (for which far be it from us to blame him) required a kind of general confession of faith in America, democracy, and the rest of it, no man was less inclined by nature to enjoy a democratic society than Motley. His letters show that, if he could not have lived in England, he would really have preferred Vienna to Boston, if he could have lived there on any tolerable terms of *hoffähigkeit*. Of his personal friendships in Europe, by very far the most interesting was with Prince Bismarck. Very few men had chummed with the Freiherr at Göttingen, and had also spent a week with the Prince after the Franco-German War. The history of their friendship is abundantly honourable to both. On Motley's side there was early recognition of the Prince's greatness—as early as the Frankfort days—and throughout a steady loyalty to him. The American could see how different the German was to any stamp of man to be met in his own country, could feel a hearty dislike to Prussian methods of government, and could yet admire the moral and intellectual greatness of the statesman and his cause. At the end of all what Motley admires most is the unaffected simplicity, the good-nature, and the modesty of the greatest man in the world. Certainly if the American historian was not a very powerful and original man, if his thought was of an orthodox pattern, and his style a compound of Macaulay and Carlyle—a mixture of vinegar and oil with too little binding sugar—at least he was an open-minded and candid observer.

NAPLES IN 1838.*

THIS is in many respects an excellent book; it is well and amusingly written, and the authors evidently know the town of which they write far better than most foreigners do the cities in which they reside. The chapters vi. and x. seem to us particularly interesting. After Mr. Story's exhaustive though not very readable work it seemed that little more could be said about the evil eye; and, in fact, little new is produced in that part of the chapter on Dread Fascination which deals with it, and what is new is not quite satisfactory. The authors write:—"The theory is briefly this, that their fatal gift of fascination and that their evil influence is exerted (perhaps often independently of their own volition) upon any object on which their eye may first light."

Now this is quite true as far as it goes; but it misses the point of the matter. The uncanny thing about the evil eye is that its blighting influence is not only "often" but almost invariably exerted not only without but in opposition to the will of the person who is cursed with the fatal gift. Here is the conclusion of a tale told the present writer by an old woman in a small village in the Basilicata. The first part had been a mere love romance, which we regret to have forgotten. So much, however, is certain, the hero was the most devoted of lovers, and the heroine the most decorous of young women. Though she had given him many small signs of affection, she never looked him in the face till the day on which they were betrothed. As soon as their eyes met she fell dead at his feet. He had the

* Naples in 1838. By Eustace Neville Rolfe and Holcombe Ingleby. With Illustrations by H. J. T. London: Trübner & Co.

evil eye. The following story will be known to many readers, as it was current in Rome some sixteen or twenty years ago, and universally believed among the lower classes. Shortly after his election Pius IX., who was then adored by the Romans, and perhaps the best loved man in Italy, was driving through the streets when he happened to glance upwards at an open window at which a nurse was standing with a child. A few minutes afterwards the nurse let the child drop, and it was killed. No one thought the Pope had wished this, but the fancy that he had the evil eye became universal and lasted till his death.

The paragraph which follows the one we have quoted is taken from stale novels, and not from the mouth of the people; and on the following page a still more unfortunate mistake occurs. The authors have confounded two quite distinct superstitions—the evil eye, and the almost universal belief that it is unlucky for anything to be praised. In Carniola if you tell a mother that her baby is strong and large for its age, a farmer that his crops are looking well, or a coachman that his team is good, all three will spit at your feet to avert the omen; and, if you understand the custom, you will do the same as an act of politeness. A person who wandered through Upper Carniola and praised everything he saw would soon come to be considered the most malevolent of men. In Naples exactly the same feeling exists. The terms of endearment which mothers of the lower class use to their children, and the pet names they call them by, are often so indecent that it would be impossible to reproduce them in English, and always so contemptuous that they would be offensive in any other relation. The well-known habit of Neapolitans to offer a guest anything that he may praise has probably the same origin. It is, of course, now to a very large extent only a form of courtesy; but even now another feeling lurks behind, at least in a good many cases. Your host has been delighted by your admiration of his possessions; he would have been disappointed if it had not been so warmly expressed as it was; but still he is a little afraid of the ill luck the kind things you have said may bring. By offering the objects you have liked best to you, and receiving your certain refusal to accept them, he puts them in a bad light, and thus counteracts the evil effects of your praise. He says to Fate, You see their value is not great, after all.

This superstition, however, is by no means confined to Naples or Italy; it is said to be common in China and Japan and among negroes and Red Indians. Even in England it is not unknown. In fact in all countries, when visiting a sick acquaintance, it is better to say, "I am glad to hear you are a little better to-day" than "I am glad to see you looking so much better." Nor is the belief by any means confined to the lower classes. A person who is highly educated, very intelligent, and by no means prejudiced in religious matters, was once asked whether the words acted as an evil charm or whether they merely foretold evil. The reply was:—"I do not know; but I do know, from experience, that whenever anybody tells me I am looking well, I fall ill within three days; and the more intimate I am with the person that says it the worse the illness is." There may be a connexion between this superstition and that of the evil eye—we are inclined to think there is—but they must not be confounded, as one is often found in districts where the other is unknown. The last part of this chapter, however, which treats of the amulets used against the evil eye, is excellent. A great deal of it is entirely new—at least to us—and we are strongly inclined to believe that the authors are right in their theory as to the heathen origin of most of these charms.

The chapter on the Neapolitan drama is sure to interest every one, as it deals largely with our old friends Punch and Judy, and tries to prove that they have sprung from highly respectable dramatic ancestors, and that even Toby need not be ashamed of his parentage. This is satisfactory; it will excite no envy, and probably give a good deal of pleasure to many people, both little and big.

The political and social position adopted by the authors is pretty nearly that of the class that at present governs Italy. Thus they say (p. 154):—"It was the middle classes who united Italy, and it is to them that the country must look for her future."

This is the sentiment that colours the whole of the book. Of the truth of the first part of this statement there can be no reasonable doubt, but the second assertion we venture distinctly to deny. It is the greatest misfortune of Italy that no really Conservative party exists in her Parliament, whereas there is a very strong Conservative party in the country. If the Papal prohibition to vote at political elections were removed, the Clerical party would probably carry nearly a third of the seats. We do not say this on our own authority; the statement is based on conversations held some years ago with several leading Italian politicians, one of whom was formerly, and one of whom is at present, included in the Ministry. Now, the presence of such an opposition in the Chamber would have several good results. It would compel the Liberals to unite, and check the spirit of faction, which is the curse of Italian Parliamentary life. It would subject the Government to a severe but wholesome criticism. Among the nobles it may be true that there are many black sheep, but it is also true that among them and the upper clergy the highest traditions of Italian culture are almost alone to be found. If they were properly represented the Vandalism that has been and is being perpetrated, not only in Rome, but all over the country, would be impossible. Finally, in dealing with the great social question which Italy will shortly be obliged to face, the presence of such a party would be in-

valuable. No educated man, except the local priest, knows exactly what the condition of the peasantry in the outlying provinces is. At present his tongue is tied; we want him to have an opportunity of speaking; for that a reform in this respect is imperatively necessary thinking Italians of all parties confess. These are some of the reasons why many of those who love the country best do not think that it should look exclusively to the middle-classes for its future, and very earnestly desire the establishment of a good understanding between the Church and the kingdom. This is, however, of course a mere matter of opinion.

The authors are inclined to think that only the more fashionable quarters of the city have been benefited by the late improvements. In this we cannot agree with them, though we should be very sorry to say that all the money expended has been well and wisely spent. As the authors themselves acknowledge, a good supply of pure water has been brought into the town, and if by paying for it the rich can have it brought into their houses, the poor can fetch it without payment from almost every street corner. Besides this, a flood of fresh sea air has been poured into many of the worst slums of Naples. When, some twenty years ago, a new garden was laid out above the sea, just below a part of the old town, it was intended merely as a place of recreation which was to be for the lower what the Villa is for the upper classes. But, as soon as the row of houses which faced the sea was pulled down, it was found that the breeze swept up the narrow streets and fetid alleys behind, bringing health with it, and it at once became the wish of the authorities to remove everything still remaining that impeded its progress. This has now been done. It is true that many a bit of quaint street life and scenery has been lost, it is also true that some of the more wealthy parts of the town have had reason to rejoice at the change; but it is the poorer quarters that have derived the greatest benefit from it.

With what the writers say about the property of the Church which was confiscated we, on the whole, heartily agree, though the conversion of convents into barracks is, in outlying districts, by no means so rare as they seem to suppose. In Perugia, for instance—if our memory serves us—at least two monasteries have been used in this way, and, though neither was a monumental building, no foreign visitor can see the change without regret. In schools and colleges a great deal is quite properly said about style. This, as Luther said of a great part of theology, is a thing that parents and schoolmasters can teach, and it is just as impossible to teach art by means of lessons and lectures as the great reformer thought it was to teach the true religion, which, in his belief, was simple faith. You can prepare the mind for it; you cannot give it. Now, the only value which a work of art has is the amount of his own inmost life which the artist embodies in it. The different styles are so many different languages in which the painters, sculptors, and architects of different periods have had to express themselves. You must know them before you can understand the poem which is placed before you in colour, bronze, or stone; but the language is not the poem, the style is not the art. In both cases it is the individual element in the work that tells. And just as there are a number of songs which one would be exceedingly sorry to lose, though the language is so faulty that no one would think of calling them classical, so there are buildings, the execution of which is so faulty that no one would think of calling them monumental, but that still possess an individual character. The world is not so rich in works of art as to permit us to view the destruction of one of these without regret.

In the chief question, however, we entirely agree with the authors. If Coleridge's doctrine that the property of the Church is the property of the poor was ever true of any country it was true of Italy. The old indiscriminate almsgiving had, of course, to be done away with; but, when its immense wealth was torn away from the Church, an adequate provision ought to have been made by the State for the temporal work the Church had hitherto done. A Poor-law—let us say like that of England—should have been introduced, and a number of new schools and hospitals founded. It is true that the orders which were distinctly devoted to charitable purposes were spared; but many of the other brotherhoods had received large donations and legacies on account of the daily dole of bread and soup which was given at their doors, and however badly it may have been administered, this part of the property of the church was unquestionably the property of the poor.

It is a misfortune that in reviewing a book one is always tempted to dwell on points on which one disagrees with the writer. The volume before us may be safely recommended to every one who is interested in Naples or has any thought of going there. The authors would probably be able to make as many objections to our statements and opinions as we have made to theirs, and even readers who neither have been nor are thinking of going to the South will find the book interesting and instructive.

REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.*

THE Report of the Centenary Conference on the Protestant Missions of the World contains, in two goodly volumes, an account of the methods and result of Protestant missionary enter-

* *Report of the Centenary Conference on the Protestant Missions of the World*. London: James Nisbet. 1888.

prise throughout the world during the last hundred years. All Societies "holding the common faith" were invited to send delegates to the Conference, from the venerable parent "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" to the youngest of the family—the Salvation Army. "And it is rather strange," the Report continues, "and has been a source of regret to the Committee, that these two extremes of ecclesiastical order and evangelistic methods have stood aloof from our movement, even though it was in a spirit of benevolent neutrality." Yet, in spite of these abstentions, the meeting was of a thoroughly œcumenical—we dare not use the word catholic—character, as may be seen from the list of fifty-three Societies which took part in it. While the speeches and papers read before the Conference are all expressed in hopeful language, nevertheless

it is true, and was frankly confessed, that the number of converts from the more civilized classes of heathen populations throughout the world has been in the past exceedingly limited. No one attempted to conceal from himself the fact that the number of Hindoos and worshippers of Buddha and the followers of the ancestral religions of China are more numerous now than they were a hundred years ago, while the number of converts in comparison is only as a handful. But the almost universal feeling of those who had the best opportunities of knowing was that, although these religions had a larger number of nominal followers, that the hold which the old faiths had over them was gradually relaxing, and a spirit of inquiry had been set a-going through the influences of Christianity, Commerce, and Education, which was telling upon the faith of their adherents.

In order to illustrate this view, and to show the nature of the religious systems with which the missionaries have to contend, we find here a valuable series of essays on Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Parsiism, and, above all, on Mohammedanism, in India, Persia, Syria, and Africa. On the peculiar interest of this latter faith to Englishmen it is needless to dwell; let it suffice to remark that it appears to be the only proselytizing religion which at present exists in the world—with the exception, of course, of Christianity. We should have been glad of some statistics of the progress of the conversion of the native races of the interior of Africa to the faith of Islam, which some writers have declared to be one of the most important factors of the African problem; but, though we look in vain for these, yet we find some remarkable figures showing the increase of Mohammedanism in the Dutch East Indies:—

In 1882 there were in Java 10,913 Mohammedan schools, numbering 164,667 pupils; in 1885 we are told there were 16,760 schools, with not less than 255,148 pupils; thus within three years an increase of not less than 55 per cent. Even in the Residency of Tapanoei in Sumatra, where the whole Mohammedan population is of comparatively recent date, we find 210 such schools with 2,479 pupils. The Dutch Government has acted very considerably (*sic*) indeed by giving full attention to these things, and by sending a very learned and able man, Dr. Snouck Hourgronze, to India, in order to study the growth and general condition of Islam there. And what does this gentleman think about the dangers which might arise out of Islam to the Dutch Government? He sums up his opinion in these words:—"We are sitting in India upon a barrel of gunpowder; the spark only is wanting, and up we go in the air."

Against this we may fairly quote the opinion of Sir W. W. Hunter, who, after expressing his sense of the importance of the statements made by the Dutch missionaries, remarked that when Dr. Schreiber lamented the enormous increase of the number of pilgrims from Java to Mecca, he could not help thinking that the number has largely increased, not because the faith of Islam had increased, but because steamships make pilgrimage more easy.

I find [he continues] the same thing going on in India. The number of pilgrims increases year by year; and yet we know, as Mr. Sell, from Madras, has told us, that Islam is losing its bigotry in India. The increase of pilgrimage is simply a result of the increase of steam navigation. I ask your attention to the fact that, with the extension of education in Java, while Islam has increased, Christianity has increased still more. Now this is also the experience which we have in India; with the education of the Mohammedans the bigotry of the Mohammedans is losing its force; they grow more enlightened, and, as they are growing more enlightened, they are coming to see more clearly the good that is in Christianity.

We have here no space to speak adequately of the wonderful progress of missionary teaching in China, and the success of "Women's Work in the Mission Field"; indeed, when we remember that, as stated in Part II., "The field is the world," it becomes both difficult and invidious to select any particular country for detailed comment. The second volume contains much useful discussion on the subject of how native customs, such as polygamy, polyandry, caste, slavery, Hindoo marriage law, and the treatment of widows, &c., should be dealt with. The sale of spirits of the vilest character to uncivilized races in Africa and elsewhere was unanimously denounced, and with perfect justice; but it seems hard to say by what means it can be checked—at least, we find no very feasible solution suggested. We have said nothing about Medical Missions, which enormously increase the influence of missionaries among races to whom both medicine and surgery are unknown; but we cannot resist quoting the following naïve narrative told by Mr. W. Gauld, M.D., Bethnal Green Medical Mission, formerly of Swatow, China:—

As to the value of native helpers, we are all unanimous about that, and at Swatow we have some excellent native helpers. I remember on one occasion a patient came from a very long distance suffering from a tumour in the throat, and he told us that if we could not do anything for him he would go and drown himself. The sea was very near, and he evidently meant what he said. I was afraid to meddle with it; it was in a position where, if there was much bleeding, his life might have been sacrificed; but he urged me, and so I ventured to take away a little bit, just enough to relieve his breathing, but I did not dare to do more. Next morning when I went to the hospital I found that my native helper had done what I did not

dare to do—he showed me in a little phial the tumour, like a big cork—and when I asked him how it was that he had done it, he said, "Well, when you went away the man would not give me any rest. He said I must take it away, and so I took the scissors and cut the whole thing off." Fortunately there was no bleeding, and the man went away delighted, thinking, no doubt, the assistant very much better than his master. I have at times left the entire hospital with between fifty and one hundred cases entirely in charge of the native assistants, and I do not think we had much cause to regret our venturesomeness in so doing.

Some irritation seems to have been caused by an article which appeared in the *Times* dealing with the Conference, which expressed discontent with the amount of progress which has been made, and told the Congress that "it would be better employed in tracing the reasons for the deficiency in quantity of success than in glorifying the modicum which has been attained. It enjoys a sufficiency, which to ordinary estimates might seem an abundance, of goodwill and funds; yet it marches at a pace which, unless it be registered by the enthusiasm of Exeter Hall, appears little more than funeral. If Carey could have foreseen the magnificence of the means which his successors were destined to command, and the removal, as if by magic, of all the barriers which hemmed him in, he would have supposed that the foes were beaten and the harvest was being reaped. Exeter Hall says that it is, and that the only thing now to be done is 'hold the conquered forts and push on to further conquests.' For eyes not endowed with the second-sight of the platform, the principal citadels of heathendom continue to flaunt their banners as before. If some people profess to believe, as one speaker deplored, that they hear too little of foreign missions, the explanation is, that they see too little of their results."

The causes of this failure to accomplish more with such splendid machinery may possibly be due to the sins of traders and Governments enumerated by Sir S. Blackwood; and, no doubt, the excitement of meeting such a host of missionaries from so many lands did lead some of the speakers at the Conference to adopt a tone of optimism which was not, in all cases, justified by the facts; but it must also be constantly borne in mind that the results of missionary enterprise are not altogether to be judged of by statistics. St. Francis Xavier is said to have baptized converts by thousands at a time, while Henry Martyn declared that he had only made one Moslem convert, and that the conversion of a Hindoo would be as great a miracle as raising the dead. Yet, at the present day, who can say that the latter was not the more successful missionary of the two? Of St. Francis's converts hardly any traces remain, while Martyn's example yearly sends forth missionaries in numbers which in his time would have appeared fabulous. The value of such men's labours, both to the lands to which they are sent and to the churches which send them out, cannot be expressed in figures. We prefer to quote the conversation about African missionary enterprise which took place "one night last year on board of the *Peace* steamer, on the Congo," between the narrator, the Rev. David Charters, and Mr. H. M. Stanley, for whose safety the civilized world has been hoping and fearing for so many weary months. "Mr. Stanley said, 'If Dr. Livingstone were alive this day, I would take all the honours, all the praise which men have showered upon me; I would put them at his feet, and say, "Here you are, old man; they are all yours."'"

IN VINCULIS.*

"IS it the breeches?" said Mr. Barney Maguire to his master, in the *Spectre of Tappington*—"is it the breeches, sir?" And, sure, it is the breeches that fired the poetic fancy of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt in the inspiring confines of Her Majesty's prison:—

Naked I came into the world of pleasure,
And naked come I to this house of pain,
Here at the gate I lay down my life's treasure,
My pride, my garments, and my name with men.

In all this sum of sacrifice "my garments" only rank next to "my pride"—which had a sad fall—and "my life's treasure"—which can only mean, to give the poet his due, liberty—liberty to preach sedition and to break the law. When, therefore, the poet entered those "walls of grief," or even when, to cite the silly blasphemy of his first sonnet,

From Caiaphas to Pilate I was sent,
Who judged with unwashed hands a crime to me,

and "next came the sentence, and the soldiery claimed me their prey"; while outside "the people rent with weeping voices the loud firmament," and other not less astonishing portents soothed, or seemed to soothe, the eager ears of vanity, well may he have recalled the invocation of that good poet and best of parodists, John Philips, as he doffed his pride and laid his garments down:—

Sing, heavenly Muse! (of Galway or Kilmainham)
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
Myself and breeches and chimæras dire!

And truly the Muse proved to be tolerably profuse, considering the "little ease, cold lying, hunger, nights of watchfulness"; considering also that "this is the grave—nay, hell," this goal of Galway, or Kilmainham. In these untoward circumstances Mr.

* *In Vinculis*. By Wilfrid Seawen Blunt. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Blunt was delivered of sixteen sonnets, full of maudlin rant and the ordinary claptrap of a foiled agitator; a hymn to the martyr O'Brien; a song of "Poor Erin"—as witless and weak as songs of the kind are wont to be—and, lastly, a long-winded exercise of the platform style, in which murderers are justified as men of war:—

A deed of terror? Yes.—A murder? Yes.—A foul crime?

True; but a signal of battle, the first blood spilt in a war.

Who could foresee the sequence of wrong to the end of time?

Who could listen to peace with the red flag waving afar?

War, war, war, was the issue in all men's minds as they stood

Watching the constable force paraded that afternoon;

War of the ancient sort, when men lay wait in a wood

Spying the Norman camps low-crouched in a waning moon.

Mr. Blunt, by the way, is decidedly favourable to what he considers was the chivalrous method of the ancient sort of war. In his song "Remember O'Brien!"—which surely distills the factitious spirit of Irish patriotism to its quintessential absurdity—he bids his audience "remember"

All the wrong of Clan-na-Gael,

And the man who lies in jail,

Wake! remember O'Brien!

Then, in a lather of whipped sentiment, he pictures the plank-bed of the breechless sufferer:—

Here as on a bed of passion

Lies the martyr of your notion [Gnash on?]

All his eloquence grown mute.

Ireland! be your wrath afoot,

Rise! remember O'Brien!

From "Ercles' vein" to a strain of fulsome and sickening cant is an easy and natural transition with Mr. Blunt:—

Prayers he hardly needs for sin

Who was blameless most of men;

But for your own selfish meekness

Plead with heaven to nerve your weakness

For his sake and your right arm,

With the power of dealing harm.

Strike! remember O'Brien!

After this gratuitous offence to morals, it seems a little futile of the poet to call for "blackthorn blows," to point out that "each hedge lends argument," and make other incitements against the peace of the realm. Many good men, even of tolerably strong stomachs, may well be inclined to ask if the Church has any reproof of blasphemy? Prison discipline, tempered though it be to such shorn victims as Mr. Blunt, must be not a little trying to the prisoner's temper and philosophy. This, in the circumstances, is not a little surprising. No would-be martyr could have made more elaborate preparations, or with a keener eye to the politico-martyrological conditions of the hour, than Mr. Blunt. And whosoever will be at the pains of reading his sonnets will find therein that he is a self-made martyr. "Alone I did it" is the indecent formula of these exalted poems. He awards the palm unto himself, and eke the crown. It is the new order of things, and, like many a new order, a beggarly replacement of the old.

MEMOIRS OF MARCO MINGHETTI.

NO work has been expected in Italy with greater interest this year than the Memoirs, or *Ricordi*, of the late Signor Marco Minghetti, a statesman who throughout his long and brilliant career was conspicuously prominent in the history of the unification of Italy. Born at Bologna in 1818, he descended from families which had previously distinguished themselves for talent and integrity. His father made a fortune in business when Napoleon I. in 1806 decreed the Continental blockade, and those merchants whose stores were well stocked benefited considerably by an arbitrary act which was a ruinous calamity to millions. A fairly good education, obtained mostly at Bologna, prepared the mind of the future Minister to take part in the great events in which he afterwards figured in so remarkable a manner. Father Ventorini, a well-known Barnabite monk, of Liberal views, infused into the mind of his pupil a keen sense of the wrongs and misfortunes of Italy, and an ardent desire to devote his life to the redemption of his fatherland. Among the friars at the college where Minghetti was educated were two whose names have become famous—Ugo Bassi, whom he describes as a man of generous nature, and who was shot by the Austrians; and Gavazzi, who was at one time the idol of the Evangelical party in England. Signor Minghetti calls him a *ciarlatano e scostumato*—"a charlatan of indifferent manners." His description of the condition of the Papal States when he was a lad is interesting, and gives us a strange idea of times which are not too remote to linger, and very freshly too, in the memories of many persons who have barely reached middle life. Thus he tells us, when a journalist wished to publish an article in the daily paper, he had first to submit it to the Ecclesiastical Censor, who passed it on to the Civil Censor, who in his turn laid it before the head of the Holy Office, and finally it went into the hands of the Secretary to the Cardinal Legate, without whose special and formal authorization the unfortunate article could not appear. Under these circumstances, it is not wonder-

ful that news took a long time in becoming public property and journalism did not flourish. Revolution succeeded revolution with extraordinary rapidity, and it was as much as the Legate and those under him in authority could do to hunt out conspirators. Cardinal Benvenuto was possibly the most unpopular of Legates; and in a letter to Signor Minghetti's mother, dated April 6th, 1831, his Eminence describes how he was saved from being stoned to death on the staircase of his own palace by the infuriated mob through the courage and presence of mind of her brother. On the other hand, people who did not trouble themselves about politics, and who abstained from reading heretical books, lived an easy, if sensual and unintellectual, kind of life at this period; for taxation was low, and house-rent and food ridiculously cheap. Having attracted the attention of the Government by their well-known Liberal opinions, young Minghetti and his mother found it advisable to leave Italy for a time, and in 1832 visited Paris and London. In London they met with many Italian exiles, and formed the acquaintance of several ardent English friends of Italy. Years passed in travel and in study kept Minghetti busily engaged until 1844—a date in reality far more important in the history of modern Italy than the much more famous one of 1848. The innumerable conspiracies against the Austrians and their adherents, the various princes who governed, or rather misgoverned, Italy, were now ripening and preparing the way for that revolution which eventually brought about the union of the country under one crown. It is impossible to read Signor Minghetti's account of the early days of the reign of Pius IX. without feeling regret that this amiable pontiff was not able to carry out his early and splendid intentions. During the first years of the reign of Pius IX., Signor Minghetti was created Minister of Public Instruction, and he gives a summary of several most interesting conversations which he had with the Sovereign-Pontiff. From them it at once appears that, if Pius IX. did not continue the policy which he had originally traced out, it was less his fault than that of those who surrounded him. The Mazzinian party was for ever urging on measures of altogether too violently Radical a character, and their extravagant demands naturally frightened the Pope. On the other hand, many of the Cardinals, regretting the former state of affairs, were constantly insinuating to the Holy Father that he was endangering religion by introducing laws which gave far too much liberty to heretics and freethinkers. Signor Minghetti is less severe in his judgment of the conduct of the Pope than most Italian patriots. He knew from personal experience the excellent intentions of Pius IX., and he was fully aware of the great difficulties which he had to encounter at every step, and to overcome which demanded a mind as astute and resolute as that of a Sixtus V. In personal contact with Mazzini Signor Minghetti came but once or twice, and his estimate of his character is not entirely favourable. Mazzini has been accepted within the past ten years, although dead, as a sort of spiritual leader or patron saint of the Italian advanced party, and the number of Socialistic and Republican clubs called after him which have sprung up in every Italian city is so great as to cause alarm to the Government, and to contradict in a very evident manner the famous assertion of Victor Emmanuel that, once Italy was united, her conspiracies and revolutions would cease for ever. It was in an Italian restaurant in an out-of-the-way street in Soho that Minghetti first met Mazzini. Seeing a strange Italian face, Mazzini went up to him and asked eagerly for news from his native country. They talked together over their macaroni, risotto, and Italian wine for many hours. Mazzini seemed evidently to entertain a false idea of the resources and activity of the revolutionary party in Italy. When Minghetti informed him that he had embraced the views and opinions of Gioberti and Rosmini, Mazzini abruptly answered, "Their theories will not do much good to Italy; but, on the contrary, will retard the great revolutionary movement, for the accomplishment of which I am so anxious." "They will, at least, have done some good," answered Minghetti, "if only in propagating lofty ideas of virtue, self-sacrifice, and patriotism." And with these words the two patriots left each other, never to meet again. It is difficult for contemporaries to form a just opinion of Mazzini, a man whom some have raised to the altars and others have relegated amongst the lowest of malefactors. Signor Minghetti's estimate of him is therefore extremely interesting. He thought that he was too much praised and too much blamed. He possessed great intellectual gifts, which he had highly cultivated; but he was a self-worshipper, and experience never taught him that his pet theories were mostly impracticable. On the other hand, the part which he took in the revolution of Rome proved that he never understood either Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi. On many occasions he sought to excuse himself from the charge of having advocated the perpetration of crime in order to carry out his revolutionary intentions. It is certain, however, that he never discouraged political assassins, but was wont to remind them of the glorious deeds of Timoleon and Brutus, to repeat St. Thomas of Aquinas's famous sentence, "*licet occidere tyrannum*," and to advise them with great astuteness to read the tragedies of Alfieri, which are mostly devoted to excusing the assassinations of tyrannical princes. It is a positive fact that he was well aware of those political conspiracies which resulted in the assassination of conspicuous personages in Italy, especially in Romagna and at Parma, and that he was perfectly well aware of all the various plots against the life of Napoleon III. During his latter days he spoke bitterly of

* *Miei Ricordi*—Marco Minghetti. Torino: L. Roux e C^{ia}. London: Trübner & Co.

the rising generation, which he described as kneeling before Positivism and Materialism—without faith, denying God, immortality, love, and all that is beautiful and holy in the world, and every heroic tradition of sentiment and religion. In all his works there is a certain mystical vein which has been turned to great account by many of his followers. It is impossible to deny him a prominent place among the illustrious men who have created Italian unity; but at the same time there is no doubt that the honours which have been rendered to his memory since his death have been less the results of sentiments of reverence and affection than expedients for keeping alive the Republican idea.

The second volume of Signor Minghetti's *Ricordi* will be awaited with much interest. It is altogether the most important contribution to the history of modern Italy which has been given to the public since Massimo d'Azeglio's *I miei Ricordi*, which it equals in historical value, but to which it is decidedly inferior in literary merit.

BOOKS ON PALESTINE.*

OF books on Palestine there is never any end. The recent goodly volume on Jerusalem, issued by the Palestine Exploration Fund, which contains a complete account of the city, its monuments and their history, the excavations of Sir Charles Warren, and the more recent discoveries, would have seemed sufficient to satisfy public curiosity and antiquarian avidity for some time to come. But here is another great volume, apparently part of the work called *Picturesque Palestine*, on the same subject, with illustrations after the manner of the modern fashion. The work itself would not call for more than a passing notice, were it not for the Introduction, in which Sir Charles Wilson, always the most thorough of Jerusalem archaeologists, enumerates the many remarkable, though not capital, discoveries which have been made in the last few years. These may be found, it is true, scattered amongst the pages of the *Journal of the Palestine Fund*, but it is convenient to have them brought together in order to realize their importance and their bearing. Jerusalem, he says, is fast losing its former charm of quiet antiquity. On the north side has arisen a new and hideous suburb, and even the sacred sides of Mount Olivet are dotted with new villas. Within the city old houses have been swept away, and new buildings erected. During these constructions deep trenches were cut in the rubbish of centuries, and here and there unexpected traces of the old city have been brought to light. The most noteworthy of these discoveries is that of a great wall, the masonry of which shows the well-known marginal draft, running for forty yards, beyond which it has not yet been followed, close to the Jaffa Gate; fragments of pottery, bearing the mark of the Tenth Legion, were picked up in the rubbish; the position, the strength, and the antiquity of the wall seem strongly to indicate that here at last a portion of the Second Wall has been found. Up to the present, however, it has been found impossible to trace its course further. A newly-found tomb, rock hewn, similar in character to those outside the city, affords one more proof that the ground round the Holy Sepulchre was formerly a Jewish burial-ground. It is curious to note how one little fact after another is bringing back the old belief in the traditional sites. The old "Vaulted Street" of the Crusaders, which had long baffled those who sought to restore the medieval city, has been found. A very remarkable, well-constructed pavement of polished stones has been uncovered east of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is supposed to have been Constantine's pavement, while beneath the pavement itself is a rock-hewn reservoir or ditch, filled with fragments of old masonry, which Herr Conrad Scherk believes to be part of the ditch of the Second Wall. If the theory of this pavement and the wall be true, then the traditional Holy Sepulchre is outside the Second Wall, and the chief objection to its genuineness falls to the ground—it will be understood that, if the Church of the Holy Sepulchre can be once proved to have been within the Second Wall, the whole mass of traditions belonging to the spot vanish like unsubstantial ghosts. The discovery of the veritable Pool of Bethesda or *Piscina Probatica* will, perhaps, strike some as being of greater interest than all the facts which bear upon traditional or conjectural sites. It has been found with its five porches in the north-west quarter of the city, where the early pilgrims place it. The inscription on the Pool of Siloam, the continuation of Warren's Wall of Ophel, Herod's Theatre, the Place of Stoning, and the Hill of the Skull, are other points in which the student of Jerusalem topography may find his previous ideas either confirmed or attacked.

The rest of the Introduction is devoted to a consideration of the testimony of the early Pilgrims, whose travels are now being translated and published by the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, of which Sir Charles Wilson is the Director. Like many of these small Societies, it is doing excellent work in a quiet way. The volumes already issued, including Procopius on the Holy Places, admirably translated by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, and El Mukaddasi, by Mr. Guy le Strange, are examples of what such work ought

to be. Sir Charles gives an excellent summary of their testimony on the disputed questions. It may be added that these old travellers are full of interest, altogether apart from controversy.

The other volume before us, by the President of Queen's College, Belfast, calls for few observations. Dr. Porter is already very well known as a traveller in the Holy Land. This volume will be found a worthy companion to his work called *Jerusalem, Bethany, and Bethlehem*, published two years ago. He writes only of places which he has himself visited, and, even if he has little to say that has not been said already, he will be found a safe and an instructive guide.

NOVEMBER BOUGHS.*

IN this small volume, by a man whose name has been the occasion of as much pen-and-ink fighting as most names in the last half of the nineteenth century, there is extremely little contentious matter. Most of it is prose—to anticipate the rather superfluous and stale jibes on the subject, let us say intentional prose—and the small section which is not contains nothing aggressive. Most of it is, again, a mere collection of the casual articles for newspapers and magazines by which the author is known to eke out his means of subsistence. Only in the first article, perhaps, which is a kind of review or reflection upon his own literary history, does Walt Whitman make much addition to his characteristic work; and this is not in the least combative. On the contrary, it seems to us to be singularly modest—not at all with the sham modesty which a vain old man who is proud of what he has done sometimes affects. Mr. Whitman says, in a manner which, if irony were not a mode rather foreign to him, we should consider ironical, that "William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke are much more peremptory" in estimating his value than he is. We should be very much surprised if they were not. William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke (we use these names with all apologies to the eminent possessors, of whom we know very little, as types) usually are "more peremptory," and may usually be neglected. We have no concern with William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke. If we have concern with Mr. Whitman (he would not like to be called Mr., but he has done what he likes himself for the most part, and we shall imitate him), it is less with this particular little volume than with his whole work. That work, or rather the important part of it—for little that has appeared since makes much difference—was reviewed in the earliest days of the *Saturday Review* by a very eminent hand. We shall not say that it was unjustly reviewed, nor do we think so. From certain points of view Walt Whitman deliberately laid himself open to what he has abundantly received—the process technically known as "slating." If a man will, by no means without truth, announce his completed intention of emitting a "barbaric yaupe," he must reckon with the expression of the sentiments of persons who do not like barbaric yaupe. If he will, in season and out of season, praise an irrational variety of polity, which has never yet been tried with real success in any age of the world's history, he must lay his account with harsh answers from people who utterly decline to sacrifice the freedom of forty-nine wise men to the tyranny of fifty-one fools. If he chooses to dilate on subjects which the world usually keeps *sub rosa*, for many wise reasons—not the least wise being that they lose half their charm and interest if the Rose presides not at the discussion of them—here, too, he must take the consequences. If, desiring to be new, he rushes to cheap and obvious ways of being, not new, but merely novel, employs a grotesque vocabulary, and discards the ornaments of rhyme and of recognized verse, he cannot eat the cake of eccentricity and yet have that of classic recognition. And we conceive that a critic has a right, if he likes, to visit all these provoked consequences on the provoker's head, whatever William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke may say. We must repeat that it does not in the least matter what they do say. The whole tale of this new "Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads" amounts to an acknowledgment by Walt Whitman himself, not that his critics were right—very far from that—but that he had nothing else to expect. Of course he reiterates—not vehemently, as of old, but vigorously enough—his standard doctrines that democratic America wants something newer and better than the old poetry, and that his poetry is not an achievement (William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke say that), but an experiment in the way of giving a new form to democratic America. There are even faint glimpses (though he seems to recoil from them with horror, and says "Great is democratic America!" as his new Om-mani-padmi-hom, many times to wash himself clean of the fact of sin) that "modern science and democracy appear to be eliminating something that gives the last majesty to man."

Now it seems to us that Walt Whitman's unfavourable critics hitherto have rather failed to distinguish between the faults which false premisses to start from and a misconceived aim to tend to have produced in him on the one side, and the faculties, and even to a certain extent the accomplishments as a poet, which in spite of all these evil influences he has displayed on the other. It is very rare, indeed, to find an admirer of his who does not sympathize with some, at least, of his principles; it is almost an unknown thing to find a critic who dislikes him, and whose dis-

* *Jerusalem—the Holy City*. By Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., R.E., D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Virtue & Co. 1889.

Through Samaria to Galilee and the Jordan. By the Rev. J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Queen's College, Belfast. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons. 1889.

* *November Boughs*. By Walt Whitman. London and Paisley: Gardner 1889.

like is not based either on dislike of his political, religious, and moral standpoints, or else on an unwillingness to admit the "barbaric yaup" because there is so much yaup in it, and it is so barbaric. Yet this is certainly wrong, nor is it quite universal. We, for instance, who write here to-day willingly make a present of almost every general principle of his to the enemy to be given up to chaos and old night. So far is it from being the case that the United States of America present a higher type of civilization and of humanity, that we should count the grey New Yorker rather lower than the European child. Democracy, instead of being a great and beautiful goddess, is a dirty, half-witted trull. Instead of its being a good thing to do as Whitman has tried to do, to put a person fully, freely, and truly on record, the first and the last rule of the poet should be, not indeed to work impersonally, but to pass every personal emotion through the sieve of the universal, to "disrealize" everything, to bring it into union with the whole. We hold that, whether it is desirable or not to say to "the perfect girl who understands you" the things that Whitman says, it is infinitely better not to shout such conversation on the housetops; that to talk about "me imperturb" is silly, not impressive; that rhythmical staves of prose are infinitely more difficult, as well as much more rarely effective, than the common rhyme-assisted measures, and so forth. All this is granted by us, or rather spontaneously asserted, and if William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke do not like it, we cannot help that. And then we face round, and ask simply whether this is not poetry?—

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother! always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death!

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky, are fitting,
And life, and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled Death!
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myriad fields and the prairies wide:
Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

This exquisite poem—for we do not hesitate to call it so—was indeed not in the original "Leaves of Grass," as it appeared more than thirty years ago, nor were the "Sea-shore Memories," the next best thing that Whitman has done. But the quality, less conspicuously present and alloyed with much more base matter, is almost everywhere. That the alloy is almost everywhere, also, is perfectly true. But, when we are asked whether soil is auriferous or not, we do not pause to inquire whether it is nothing but auriferous. It may be annoying enough to come, after such a passage, upon such another as this:—"Thumb extended, finger uplifted, apron, cape, gloves, strap, wet-weather clothes, whip carefully chosen, boss, spotter, starter, hostler, somebody loafing on you, you loafing on somebody, headway, man before and man behind, good day's work, bad day's work, pet stock, mean stock, first out, last out, turning in at night." But for what was the divine art of skipping created, if a reader is not able to dodge things like this, and to go straight to others which the theory of poetry (and of common sense) will allow?

We cannot, for our part, conceive any theory of poetry which shall shut out stuff such as the Death Carol, because it is not in any of "the four-and-twenty measures," as Welsh critics say, or because it finds itself in the company of unwise laudations of (a to speak mildly) imperfect state of politics and manners, unwise excursions into *tacenda*, unwise catalogues of names and trades, and other unwise things not a few.

No; let us, if it be ours to lecture on poetry, hold up Walt Whitman as much as any one pleases for an awful example of the fate that waits, and justly waits, on those who think (idle souls!) that there is such a thing as progress in poetry, and that because you have steam-engines and other things which Solomon and Sappho had not, you may, nay must, neglect the lessons of Sappho and Solomon. But let us none the less confess that this strayed reveller, this dubiously well-bred truant in poetry, is a poet still, and one of the remarkably few poets that his own country has produced.

TALES FROM ASIA MINOR.*

M. CARNOY and M. Nicolaides complain that the tales are all told, that there are no new topics in the latest collections. They have, therefore, gone collecting in Asia Minor, and in the Greek Isles, and they publish their stories with full details about the place where each was picked up, and the name, age, and occupation of the narrator. Truth to tell, there is no great novelty in the incidents, nor in their grouping into plots. Characteristic detail, rather than freshness of invention, marks these half-Christian, half-Moslem stories told by the mixed peoples of the Levant. It is not, indeed, from such old civilized countries that we can expect much light on the original homes and wanderings of nursery tales. Most races and their literatures have met and been crossed on each other in Asia Minor and the Isles. Education is being diffused—the woman villain of one of these narratives is a schoolmistress. The *Arabian Nights* have made their impression on the popular fancy; and no doubt Italian, Slavonic, Tartar, Turkish, and Greek influences have all mingled. For real information we must seek Central Africa, or Central America, and even thither European or Indian tales may now have arrived in the constant traffic of "swapping stories." We recently noticed here a Soudanese version of "Puss in Boots" in a French translation, and even that remote variety had not been untouched by some form of the legend as it is in Swahili; or perhaps the Swahili *conte* had been imported from the Soudan.

M. Carnoy's collection opens with a form of "The Grateful Animals." A young man, son of a poor widow, is warned in a dream to seek his fortune in a certain direction. He supports himself and some wild beasts by his skill in hunting. These (like Puss in Boots) are grateful, and win their friend a Sultan's daughter to wife, having first enriched him by robbing a caravan of nomad Turkomans. The picture of the Turkoman women marching before the troop singing love songs is pretty. The Sultan's daughter, once won, is carried off again by a wicked old witch-woman, as in "Aladdin," but is restored to her lover by the cunning fox and the other beasts, and all ends well. Happily the hero is grateful (which he often is not in this class of tale), and every beast has his apartments in the palace, with plenty of mutton and roast chicken. The second story narrates the fortunes of a youth who has been turned out of house and home by his father and thrown into prison by the King for saying that he had dreamed a dream and refusing to tell what the dream was all about. His commendable, though annoying, prudence is properly rewarded, and it is not till the last sentence that the curiosity of the reader about the vision is gratified. This arrangement shows considerable skill in fiction, and that of a kind rare in *contes populaires*. The Oriental character is very well marked. As to what the boy *did* dream, we must refer the inquisitive to M. Carnoy's volume. The "Bronze Ring" contains an incident which M. Cosquin has traced all about the world, in Aryan and non-Aryan story, and which he uses as an argument against Mr. Max Müller's theory (if he still holds it), that popular tales have not been borrowed from one race by another. Some one has a ring which he should not have, and hides it in his mouth; a mouse tickles the nose with his tail while the thief sleeps; he sneezes, the mouth opens, and out pops the ring. Certainly this can scarcely have been separately invented in various races. This ring has magical properties; it is *fee*, like the key of Barbe Bleue, and can change a ship of gold into a ship of black wood, and the cargo into black cats, a pleasing but unmanageable freight. Among other adventures, the bronze ring is found inside a dead fish, by a blind mouse! This is a very diverting tale for children. The tale, like many others, comes from Lesbos, and may be heartily recommended to children of nature who are tired of novels about eternal punishment and similar topics. "The Three Wondrous Robes" is a mixture of the formula which opens "East o' the sun and west o' the moon" (fruit devoured by invisible monster, success of youngest son in driving him away) with "Jean de l'Ours," and his adventure down a well (known in early Sanskrit literature); while the three nuts holding marvellous dresses are familiar in tales like "The Black Bull o' Norrway"—which, by the way, as referred to by Sir Walter Scott, is the Black Bear. In *Rob Roy* (chapter xii.) the girl chiefly complained of being called Bruin's bride by her companions at school, an incident not found in Chambers's version. It is a misfortune that Scott, with his great opportunities, only glanced at the topic of Scotch *Märchen*. Happily "Kate Crackernuts" and the "Drageling Hoguey" (whatever that monster may have been) are now recovered from oblivion, though not in very good condition. M. Carnoy's "Three Wondrous Robes" next strays into the Andromeda cycle, and ends happily. "Marietta and the Witch" is Grimm's "Snow White" in a Levantine dress. This is Homeric:—"Fair great Sun, that wanderest round the world, tell me, hast thou seen a fairer woman than myself?" "I am fair, and fair art thou, but not so fair as Marietta." This is far more primitive than Grimm's:—

Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?
Thou art fairer than all who are here, Lady Queen,
But more beautiful still is Snow-white, as I ween.

Mrs. Hunt's *Grimm*, No. 43.

The "Enchanted Head" is very Turkish. A poor woman crossing

* *Traditions populaires de l'Asie Mineure*. Par Henry Carnoy et Jean Nicolaides. Paris: Maisonneuve. 1889.

a bridge in Stamboul before the dawn meets a head hewn from the body, which calls to her. She takes it home, it is served by geni, and is really an enchanted prince, who is properly disenchanting again. Turkish, too, is the story of the poor man who fled from God and the decree of His providence into the free lands of Ali the Wild, and there found a great treasure. M. Carnoy and M. Nicolaides's volume ends with pious legends, minor folklore, small ætiological myths about beasts, and *devinettes*, or popular riddles. It is an interesting and curious volume in an interesting and curious series.

HAMPTON COURT.*

MR. LAW continues his studies of the old palace with a volume on its history in Stuart times, leaving off before the alterations and additions made in the reign of William III. He proposes to treat this latter part of the subject in a third volume, which is also to bring the narrative down to the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and which ought to be as interesting as either of the former volumes, even though the present instalment contains Mr. Law's account of the enforced residence here of Charles I. in 1647, and of the escape, which only precipitated his doom. Mr. Law goes at considerable length into the whole story, and gives us every version of it in full.

The book begins with the life of James I. at Hampton Court, and the first chapter is a description of a grand masque at Christmas, composed by the poet Daniel. Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe was ransacked for dresses, and the famous Inigo Jones designed the scenic effects. James knighted some three hundred gentlemen in one batch in the gardens here in July 1603. So lavish was he in bestowing titles that Mr. Law estimates the number of peers he created as "seven times as many, in a reign of twenty-two years, as his predecessor Queen Elizabeth had created in a reign of twice that duration." The third chapter goes into considerable detail about the Hampton Court Conference, in January 1604, in which the King took part. Archbishop Whitgift and the bishops with him were evidently as determined to make no concessions to the Puritans as the Puritans were to make none to them; and the King, with the zeal of a new convert, strongly supported the bishops, who flattered him and praised his learning. It was Reynolds, one of the Puritan party, who at this otherwise abortive Conference suggested the preparation of a new translation of the Bible. The idea was espoused by the King, who was at least a fair scholar, and knew how great were the shortcomings both of the Bishops' Bible and also of the Geneva or "Breeches" version. Seven years elapsed before the first edition of the new translation was issued, and it has always been popularly called "the Authorized Version." Mr. Law expresses an opinion, in which it is difficult not to agree, that the whole conference was determined on by King James, "with no other object than of gratifying his pedantic vanity, and exhibiting himself in the character of a learned and subtle disputant." He was, however, as fond of hunting as of arguing, and Mr. Law gives many particulars as to the unpopularity he brought upon himself by preserving and by neglecting the business of the country for the sake of sport.

The illness and death of Queen Anne of Denmark at Hampton Court are described in one chapter, which is filled with curious notes and the results of much research. The verses King James wrote on his wife's death, as quoted by Mr. Law, are among the most extraordinary things in the whole book. As to his grief, he went to the races at Newmarket three weeks afterwards, even while the yet unburied body was lying in state at Somerset House in the Strand, whither it had been removed.

Mr. Law has gathered some information respecting Inigo Jones which we do not remember to have heard before. He returned from Denmark in 1603, whence he brought letters of recommendation from the Queen's brother, Christian IV. He was appointed architect to the Queen, and subsequently, in 1615, "Surveyor of His Majesty's Works." Thus it came to pass that he built the Strand front of Somerset House for the Queen, and the Banqueting House at Whitehall for the King. In a copy of Palladio which belonged to him, and is now in the library of Worcester College, Oxford, Mr. Law has found some written measurements of the dimensions of Hampton Court. It was in relation to a visit of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, that Inigo's only known letter was written.

Charles I. in his happier days was much at Hampton Court, and Mr. Law has a good deal to tell of the Court life of Henrietta Maria and her French attendants. There was a train of a hundred and six different individuals, including some thirty priests. Mr. Law gives full details of the slights put by the King and Buckingham upon some of these personages. The Queen took their part so warmly that Charles wrote to her mother, the Queen Dowager of France, on the subject. Buckingham had been sent to the French Court, and Charles wrote him two letters on the same day, in one of which he gives his private views on the subject, but in the other the views which were to be put before the Queen's mother. "This letter, however, the Duke never had an opportunity of showing to Mary of Medicis; for Richelieu, who knew that his object in desiring to come to Paris

was to make love to the Queen, Anne of Austria, for whom he had a romantic attachment, interdicted him from entering France at all." In August 1626 Charles summarily dismissed the whole crew. The consequences of this step are fully detailed by Mr. Law; but one cannot but remark that, if Charles had always acted with as much tact and patience as on that occasion, his subsequent history would have been very different; some of the most interesting of Mr. Law's chapters would never have been written. His son, Charles II., had similar troubles with the retinue of Katharine of Braganza; and Mr. Law, who seems to have a perfect genius for raking up the matrimonial squabbles of Royal couples, tells us all about them. He even tells us all about Oliver Cromwell's wife and her life here, and how she was always down in the kitchen worrying the cook. It was at Hampton Court that Mrs. Claypole died, apparently of inflammation, though Mr. Law says the cause or nature of her illness is unknown. She suffered intensely for a few days, and, "to heighten the tragedy of the scene, the Royalist pamphleteers drew harrowing accounts of how, in the agony of her fever and pain, she wildly reproached her father with his crimes and cruelties." For this statement Mr. Law adduces some authority. Cromwell sickened for his last illness within a week of her death, and, though he was able to go out again to Hampton Court, he never fully recovered the shock. There is a curious scene described in this chapter. George Fox, the Quaker, met the Protector in Hampton Court Park. "Before I came to him," says he, "as he rode at the head of his Life Guards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." The troubles of Charles II. and his Queen at Hampton Court have already been mentioned. It was here that the famous scene took place where the King forced his wife to receive Lady Castlemaine. She had never set eyes on the lady before, and probably did not catch her name; "but a moment after divining who she was, and conscious of the flagrant insult that had been put upon her, in the face of the whole Court, she sat down, her colour changed, tears gushed from her eyes, her nose bled, and she fainted." Charles was not much at Hampton Court after his first years, and the most tangible relic of his reign is the famous collection of "Beauties" which Lely painted, and which are still there. Mr. Law says it is a real delight to look at them, "with Pepys' *Diary* or De Grammont's *Mémoires* in one's hand." We may go further, and recommend the visitor to supply himself with Mr. Law's delightfully annotated catalogue, or with the present volume, or, still better, with both, and it will then be a still greater pleasure to "contemplate these charming portraits." The volume concludes with a brief notice of James II., and of some relics of his reign, such as an iron fire-back in the Queen's Gallery, which is decorated with his arms and initials and the date 1687. Scattered throughout the book are many notes on other subjects, and especially on art, for Mr. Law takes care whenever he touches on anything to investigate it thoroughly. The valuation of the picture-gallery of Charles I. is interesting. Vandyck's portrait of the King, which was lately bought for the National Gallery with the *Andiside Madonna* from Blenheim, was only valued at 200*l.* The cartoons of Raphael, now at South Kensington, were reserved at 300*l.*, and Mantegna's "Triumph of Caesar" at 1,000*l.* Mr. Law refers the radiating avenues of lime-trees with the canal to Charles II., and not to William III., as is usually stated. Another curious note relates to the wedding ceremonies of Katharine of Braganza. When the Lord Mayor and Aldermen came to congratulate her, the Recorder, Sir William Wyld, made an oration in Spanish. The appendixes contain the survey made by the Commissioners of the Parliament in 1653, from the copy preserved in the Record Office, and also extracts from the *Calendars of State Papers* relating to the sale of the manors and parks of Hampton Court, and their repurchase by the State for the use and occupation of Cromwell. There is also an inventory of the goods and furniture at the time of Cromwell's death, which shows that there must have been considerable splendour at the Court of the Lord Protector.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.*

AS the ancestress of our reigning House, and during her latter years herself the heir to the English throne, the Electress Sophia, daughter of the beautiful Stuart Queen, Elizabeth of Bohemia, and the luckless Elector Palatine, Frederic V., the "Winter-King," is a personage in whom Englishmen are naturally interested. Her *Mémoires* are delightful reading. They were admirably edited by Dr. Adolf Köcher in 1878, under the title *Mémoires der Herzogin Sophie, nachmals Kurfürstin von Hannover*; for when Sophia wrote them in 1680, at the age of fifty, her husband had not obtained the electoral dignity. The translation before us has been made from Dr. Köcher's text, and the notes appear for the most part to have been taken from his volume. Sophia wrote to cheer herself during the absence of her husband, who was too apt to find amusement elsewhere than in her company. She determined not to fret, for she believed that melancholy tended to shorten life, which, she says, "is very

* *Hampton Court Palace*. By Ernest Law. Vol. II. London: Bell, 1888.

* *Mémoires of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, 1630—1680*. Translated by H. Forester. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

dear to me," and accordingly she set herself to write down her recollections, and has left us a fairly complete picture of herself during the earlier part of her long life, as well as many lively details about the great people amongst whom she lived. Although we must, of course, go to the Correspondence of Leibnitz for full information as to her character, it is easy to gather from her Memoirs that she was a noble and high-spirited woman, thoroughly unselfish; for she was a devoted wife to a flagrantly unfaithful husband, and at the same time resolute in insisting on what was due to herself and her position, as she showed—to keep only to this volume—by declining the invitation of the Queen of France to seat herself on a tabouret, "after having been honoured with a chair by the Empress of Germany." Monsieur hoped that the King would not hear of this; but, she writes, "I said I did not care whether he heard of it or not." Always bright and witty, she was as a girl much addicted to flouts and jeers, so that people fled from her as if she "had been the plague." Among the objects of her ridicule was, we regret to say, that gallant soldier the Earl of Craven, whom she ought to have treated with more respect, for he was indeed a "very valuable friend" to her and her mother and sisters. "The old Englishman," as she calls him, could not have been much past forty when she used to get money out of him and "tease him a little in private." The story that he married her mother, the Queen, is not, we believe, to be found anywhere in strictly contemporary literature. While her whole volume is instinct with wit, she does not give many instances of her readiness in reply. She tells us, however, how, when on a visit to Rome after her marriage, she was shown the crown and sceptre which the Emperor Ferdinand offered in the church of Sta Maria della Vittoria after the defeat of her father at Prague, and was asked by the sacristan if so great a princess ought not also to make an offering, she replied, "Yes, if the Virgin had been on the other side." In spite of her friendship with Leibnitz, there is nothing in her Memoirs which indicates any love for books; indeed, though she dabbled in philosophy, and spoke some half-a-dozen languages, among them, of course, her mother's native tongue, she was perhaps clever and curious rather than learned. Her eldest sister, Elizabeth, was, she says, "very learned, and knew every language and every science under the sun"; but then, unfortunately, her sharp aquiline nose "was rather apt to turn red." Sophia's cheerfulness rested on a firmer foundation than naturally high spirits; she was a woman of remarkable wisdom and power of self-control. To speak only of the part of her life which is sketched for us here, she was constantly placed in positions of peculiar difficulty by her sister-in-law's folly, by her husband's jealousy and infidelities, by her brother-in-law's want of principle, and always behaved with admirable tact, patience, and good temper. Her Memoirs contain several incidental notices of the disgustingly low moral tone which prevailed in some at least of the German Protestant Courts during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and her character gains by contrast with the characters of many of the persons by whom she was surrounded. She was brought up by her governesses "according to the good doctrine of Calvin." Her husband was a Lutheran, and, though she adhered to her father's religion, she probably cared little about the differences between the two Communions. As a girl she was thought to be "no good Presbyterian" because she attended Common Prayer with her cousin, Charles II. Her favourite sister and two of her brothers became Roman Catholics, but she had no leaning that way; she sneers at the relics at Cologne, and makes mock of the *Casa Santa* of Loreto. One of the many bits which make us feel that these Memoirs contain the genuine recollections of the writer is her account of the pleasure with which she for the first time heard herself called beautiful. In her childish days she was mortified by overhearing the Princess of Nassau say that she was ugly; and, when she came to live with her mother at the Hague, she found that her elder sisters were handsomer than she was. Before long, however, she heard "the English milords say to each other" that, when she was grown up, she "would eclipse all her sisters." This delighted her so much that it gave her "a liking for the whole English nation." The English lords were interested in the matter; for there was some talk of a marriage between her and the King. Her mother and Lord Craven were anxious to bring this about, but she had discernment enough to perceive that Charles, though he told her that she was handsomer than "Mrs. Berlo" (Lucy Barlow), did not intend to marry her; and she was therefore glad to leave the Hague, and go on a visit to her brother, the Elector Palatine.

Sophia had some strange matrimonial experiences. Her silly, ill-tempered sister-in-law was anxious to get rid of her, for she quarrelled with her husband about her as she did about everything else. Accordingly Sophia barely escaped being married to Prince Adolf of Sweden, a widower, who "had actually beaten his first wife, a fact the Electress knew full well." A much better match, however, came in her way. George William, Duke of Hanover, who had promised to take a wife to content his people, appeared at Heidelberg with his brother Duke Ernest Augustus, paid Sophia "numberless compliments," found her by no means over-coy, and engaged to marry her. He at once repented of his promise, for he had no mind to put any check on his profligacy, and handed over his engagement to his youngest brother Ernest, promising to give him the family estates and entering into a covenant that he would never marry. Sophia made no objection to the arrangement; she married Ernest and made him a most excellent wife. She praises his dancing and

his "exquisite hands," but he had some higher qualities than those which led Carlyle to call him "gentleman Ernst"; for he was a gallant soldier and an able and successful politician. As we have said, he was an unfaithful husband, and seems to have been nearly as open with his wife on the subject of his amours as his grandson George II. was with his Queen Caroline. While the Duchess was at Rome she went to see Mme. Colonna, the Maria Mancini whom Louis XIV. wished to marry, who was then engrossing her husband's attention, and notes that the lady's flame-coloured ribbons were unbecoming to her. Mme. Colonna one day took a fancy to save the Duchess's soul, but the Church of Rome was scarcely fortunate in its advocate. During the early years of Sophia's married life she was pestered by the attentions of her brother-in-law and old admirer, George William, who regretted that he had handed her over to his brother. Her situation was awkward, for the two brothers lived together, and she was anxious to prevent them from quarrelling. George William did not keep his covenant, for he married one of his mistresses, Mlle. d'Olbreuse, who was already the mother of Sophia Dorothea, afterwards wife of George I. Duke Ernest and Sophia had a severe struggle to prevent this marriage from robbing them of their rights. By that time they were Duke and Duchess of Hanover; for on the death of his elder brother Christian Louis, George William became Duke of Zell, and a little later the Duchy of Hanover came to Ernest on the death of his third brother, John Frederick. A good part of Sophia's Memoirs is taken up with records of travel. She visited several of the smaller German princes, and gives some amusing notices of their Courts. After her marriage she spent some time with her husband in Italy. At Rome she was delighted with the statues, pictures, palaces, and gardens, and, above all, with St. Peter's. In most of the other Italian cities her time seems to have been taken up with gaieties. Venice was, she thought, "extremely melancholy," but she evidently passed her time there agreeably enough; for she and her party astonished the Venetians by dancing out of doors in the evenings, and going dressed in gold and silver brocade to tilt at the ring on the Lido. Travelling in Italy was a serious matter then, for the roads were so bad that the carriage of the Duchess's maids of honour was upset nine times between Siena and Florence. In 1679 Sophia visited France, and gives a lively description of two or three scenes at the French Court, where she was introduced by the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, for the Duchess Elizabeth was her niece and was much attached to her. The translator of this volume has done her work well enough as far as it goes. She has, however, as she informs her readers in her Preface, omitted various passages "as distasteful to our modern ideas." Her book then must, on her own confession, not be taken as a correct representation of the original. She has destroyed its value without any adequate reason. It is true that two centuries ago people did things quite innocently which could not be done innocently now, and that much plainer language was used with reference to certain matters than is used now in polite society; but there is nothing in the Memoirs which is really unseemly, and scarcely a word which might not be translated literally with perfect propriety. The translator, besides cutting out two or three whole incidents which are rather important features in the Duchess's story, has skipped a crowd of words and phrases which she apparently considers "unfit for publication." We are driven to suppose that her translation is specially intended for young ladies; but surely, if young ladies may read about Mme. Colonna and Mme. de Harburg, it would not contaminate their minds to see the English of "sa maîtresse," or of Sophia's remark about her husband's "bonnes fortunes." All such phrases as "ma grosseesse" and "une fausse couche" are studiously expunged, sometimes to the detriment of the Duchess's narrative. Such niceness appears to us to be somewhat nasty; it is certainly misplaced in the translation of a book of this character.

TWO ITALIAN NOVELS.*

A LEARNED Italian critic opines that the *Mistery del Poeta* reveals its author as the "most positive of metaphysicians, most realistic of romanticists, and most human of mystics"; he might have added most lyric of moderns and most modern of idealists. All of which is high falutin' for the fact that Signor Antonio Fogazzaro has, in *The Poet's Secret*, very dexterously conciliated, or perhaps assimilated, the prevalent taste in fiction with the idealism distinctive of his verse. By the graceful lyrics sown broadcast throughout these pages we are reminded that we know the author better as a poet than as a novelist. Strangely enough, they neither detract from the unity of the work, nor impede its fantastic course; they grow out of and form an inherent part of it. The "lyrism" of the whole is quaintly enhanced by a singularly modern vividness and actuality in the delineation of places and persons. It is as if a keepsake beauty were suddenly galvanized into life, and habited, despite the reproach in her saucer eyes and the inconvenient fall of her champagne-bottle shoulders, in the latest fashion of this eighteen-hundred-and-eighty-ninth year of grace. The heroine is a fragile,

* *The Poet's Secret*. By A. Fogazzaro. Milan: Galli.

Mastro Don Gesualdo. By G. Verga. Rome: Direzione della Nuova Antologia.

ethereal, dreamy Englishwoman—a sort of cosmopolitan Ophelia. Properly speaking there is no hero, for Love is the true protagonist of this tale, told by the Poet in the first person singular. We never learn the Poet's name, and are therefore constrained, in referring to Him, to the use of capital letters. While He travels, writes, ponders, converses, and consorts with all sorts and conditions of men, revels in the summer beauty of hill and dale and wood and river, or wanders through the narrow ways of old-world towns, or lingers in dim religious aisles, Love so constrains Him to think only of Her that, notwithstanding Signor Fogazzaro's happy power of description, we feel that the Poet himself sees these things but as the figments of a dream. Naught is real to Him (so strangely subjective is His creator's method) save Violet Yves; outside her and the magnetic attraction that binds the lovers together all is vanity, illusion, *maya*. Violet-Ophelia is, however, not quite a novice in magnetic attraction; the Poet is not her first love. Hamlet has jilted her in days gone by. But instead of floating down a Scandinavian stream, dead and decked with flowers, she provided herself with what must have been a Cook's circular ticket and what appears to have been a very fashionable outfit. In Rome she read the Poet's book and learned to love the author; on the Rhine she met the Poet and learned to love the man. On her wedding-day, on her wedding journey, matters are complicated by the reappearance of Hamlet, which, to say the least, is as ill-timed and inauspicious as the return of M. Jaques Damour. The consequences of an event are apt to become more tragic when an idealist holds the threads than when they are "dabbed in" by a realist. Therefore the self-evident moral of this story is that poor Ophelia had been well advised had she, in early days, gotten herself to a nunnery. For the shock of her joy and of her terror causes her to die without further ado in her husband's arms. Then it is that we learn the Poet's secret. Signor Fogazzaro's idealism, developed in the concluding pages of his novel almost into a doctrine, might have been inspired by a notable Englishman lately deceased, whom he has probably neither known nor read.

Those Northern critics who hold that the whole charm and value of Signor Giovanni Verga's novels lie in a certain grave and sweet-tempered materialism, need but read his *Mastro Don Gesualdo* to realize the subtle psychology "hidden," where M. de Maupassant would have it, "like the skeleton in the human frame," yet lending backbone and a life that is no longer purely objective to this latest offspring of the ancient Theocritean idyll. Never was opening chapter of grimmer realism, more poignant pathos, or more intensely dramatic power than that one which describes the fire at the old Trao palace, that shed so lurid a light upon its pride, penury, sorrow, and shame. The very breath of tragic horror, keen as the terse and chiselled language in which this tale of Sicilian provincial life is told, pervades this prelude. On the morning after the fire there is a scene as inimitable as it is pathetically humorous, in which Don Diego Trao immolates his pride to his *parvenue* cousin, the Baronessa Rubiera, for his sister's sake, and in vain. A few bold masterly touches bring before us the grasping peasant mother of Antonino Lovelace Rubiera, *il Baronello Nini*, the foxlike intriguing Canonico Lupi, priest and politician, and the wealthy peasant, Mastro Don Gesualdo, who is driving a hard bargain with his neighbour, the Baroness, out of which, as in all his undertakings, he comes victorious. No less vivid is the reception at the house of a dowager relative of the Traos, where a saint's procession files by under the crowded silk-hung balcony. Don Gesualdo there makes his *début* in polite society, and with us—who wonder to be brought so near to them, that no shade of expression nor inflexion of voice seems to escape us—makes the acquaintance of the caustic knight of Malta, Marchese Limoli, Bianca's uncle; of her aunts, cousins, friends, and rivals; of the garrison coquette, *La Capitana*; and of other notables of a time when there still existed local magnates known as *decurioni*, and when the lumbering equipages of local grandees were drawn by bell-hung and bedizened mules. The first carriage-horses that startled this coterie were those that a few months later bore Bianca Trao to the sumptuous home Don Gesualdo had prepared for his bride. The history of the struggles, revolts, and triumphs of Gesualdo Motta; of his self-contained love for his nobly-born wife; the misunderstandings, born of pride and the blending of heterogeneous elements, only to be cleared up by the ordeals of suffering and death; the scourge of the cholera, and how he met it; the fanaticism and ignorance from which, after the loss of his wife, he fled to his daughter in Palermo; the squandering of his hard-earned riches by his ducal son-in-law; the end of this man in whom were strangely blended the peasant's greed of the soil and a native honesty and generosity; all these things are told as only Signor Verga can tell them. We know of no example in our own language to which we may compare his latest achievement except the history of Henry Esmond, for although the subjects treated are as dissimilar as is the genius of our greatest realist to that of the author of *Mastro Don Gesualdo*, both have given the world a retrospective masterpiece, instinct with the very magic of the "illusion of reality." The end, however, lacks the sense of the inevitable. It is, as might be expected of so magnificent a beginning, almost inadequate. For, because it is easier to begin than to end well, it is dangerous, even for Signor Verga, to begin as superlatively well as he does in *Mastro Don Gesualdo*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GUILLOIS'S book on Napoleon (1) is by no means an uninteresting book; yet it is of a kind which, as a kind, we find some difficulty in approving. Although it is of considerable size, it does not pretend to be an exhaustive study of "Jupiter-Scapin," and it does not pretend to be a study of his military side at all. It is as "l'homme," "le politique," "l'orateur," "l'écrivain," and so forth, that M. Guillois considers his hero, who is to him very, though not exclusively, heroic. And, further, the book is less a complete treatment even of these special points than a series of detached, and almost always eulogistic or apologetic, essays on points more minute still. To a person already well acquainted with Napoleon's history and character it presents many interesting features; but it does not supply the place of a history, and we can hardly imagine it being read by the general with much appetite. Still, it may be; and, as for many years criticism has busied itself more with Scapin than with Jupiter, it is perhaps as well that the other side should have its turn, if only scrappily. M. Guillois is, at any rate, an improvement on Prince Napoleon.

M. de Mazade, who, even now when the Academy is assailed by Tray Blanche and Daudet, not unworthily upholds the tradition of academical writing, has produced a book on Metternich (2) which, at any rate, compares advantageously with a recent English work on the subject. He has got hold of the right central point in Metternich when he says that he was not a Legitimist, but an anti-Revolutionist (a fact constantly overlooked by Metternich's critics); he does justice, on the whole, to the Prince's marvellous political ability, and if there is visible, not merely in his peroration, but elsewhere, a sort of desire to use one Chancellor as a stick to beat another (it can hardly be necessary to say what other) with, this is excusable. There is also much detailed criticism of value in the book. If it has a fault, it is that, in common with not a few French books of the kind, it is rather a *discours* than a history, or even an historical essay.

M. Paul Deschanel (3) is perhaps better known by his studies in colonial and other politics than by excursions in the track of Cousin when he became *héraut*, not *d'armes*, but *de dames*. His ladies here are very well known heroines, for most of whom, by a singular misfortune, we have no strong personal liking. His article on Queen Elizabeth we do not count, for it is merely a brief review of M. de la Ferrière's book. But Mme. du Defland was a clever shrew, Mme. d'Épinay a representative of the earlier and Mme. de Beaumont one of the later generation of *sensiblerie*, Mme. Récamier a passionless coquette. Mme. Necker, indeed, contrasts agreeably with her daughter, but we fear that even she was something of a feminine prig—a dreadful thing. Still they are all interesting in a way, and M. Deschanel and his readers might be worse off than in their company.

Both the books of travel which we have before us are interesting. M. de Mandat-Grancey's (4) lively gossiping style has been made known by his previous books on America, and by his really excellent volume on Ireland. His present tale of a horse ranch in Dakota is a little thinner in substance than its predecessors; but it gives a good account of ranch life, and in addition some very practical advice to the author's countrymen, who seem to be taking to this form of emigration more kindly than they do to others. The Abbé Chévilard's (5) book on Siam has a somewhat "spread-eagle" preface in the style of that class of French missionary whose chauvinism makes that of a captain of dragoons look mild. But the reader who has the wisdom to skip this or the courage to disregard it will find a good and minute account of the flora, fauna, customs, religion, and so forth, of the country.

It is only necessary (and, indeed, it would be difficult to do much more) to mention the appearance of the twenty-seventh annual issue of M. H. de Parville's *Causeries scientifiques* (6), than which there are few better summaries, arranged in continuously readable form, of the scientific events of the year. Naturally it has to lag a little behindhand—this volume only dealing with 1887—but the task of selection and compression could hardly be performed much sooner.

We have so often praised the admirable and admirably cheap volumes of the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," that it is hardly necessary to say more than that M. Pierre Paris's *Sculpture* (7) is among the best. The examples (from the fantastic little Kaoumhotpou and the strangely-attractive Queen Taia of Boulak, through the schoolboy oddities of archaic Greek art to the perfection of "her who has no arms and cannot help us," and the bronze head of Aphrodite in the British Museum, which has been thought to represent Praxiteles's greatest work) are excellently chosen. Perhaps it may be objected that the book is rather too exclusively a running comment on these examples; but why not?

- (1) *Napoléon*. Par Antoine Guillois. 2 tomes. Paris: Perrin.
- (2) *Un chancelier d'ancien régime*. Par Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Plon.
- (3) *Figures de femmes*. Par Paul Deschanel. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (4) *La brèche aux buffes*. Par le Baron de Mandat-Grancey. Paris: Plon.
- (5) *Siam et les Siamois*. Par l'Abbé S. Chévilard. Paris: Plon.
- (6) *Causeries scientifiques*. Par H. de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.
- (7) *La sculpture antique*. Par P. Paris. Paris: Quantin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A SELECTION from papers read to the Wordsworth Society—*Wordsworthiana*, edited by William Knight (Macmillan & Co.)—is a miscellany of comment and criticism from which every lover of the poet may derive some profit or instruction, though the volume, as a whole, is not likely to revive, in the breast of the judicious and ungregarious admirer, regret—if any were felt—for the collapse of the Society. It is true that “we must grieve when once the shade of that which once was great has passed away”; but, the grieving over, there’s no use in seeking further incitement to mourning in Professor Knight’s very discursive and, in some ways, very interesting book. Some useful work in bibliography and the printing of unpublished MSS. of Wordsworth must be credited to the Society, and most people will read with pleasure in the present volume the various Presidential Addresses, the *Reminiscences* of Mr. Rawnsley, Mr. Ainger’s paper on Wordsworth and Lamb and one on the poet’s style, with two or three other contributions. That people cannot appreciate a poet’s works unless they are read and discussed in congregation must have struck many, before it occurred to Mr. Andrew Lang, as a wild and dismal portent. It is probably no proof, as Mr. Lang hints, that poets have few independent readers, but rather does it indicate a lack of faith in those who feel compelled to justify by chapter and verse their enthusiasm. Wordsworth is, of all poets, the one who appeals most directly to the sympathy of those who can own the “bliss of solitude.” Like all great poets, he needs no interpreter. The poet whom no one reads, and whom no one understands, except the elect, can alone benefit by such exposition as Societies may offer. And the most that can be done for them by their associated admirers is to demonstrate their non-existence within the little circle of the elect.

A very encouraging record is set forth in *The Official Year-Book of the Church of England* (S.P.C.K.) for the current year. The chief features of this indispensable manual of information—the ecclesiastical directory, the statistical records, the reports of the two Convocations, Diocesan Conferences, and so forth—are presented, as heretofore, with the fulness and system that make reference profitable and easy. The history of Church extension in Leeds, Manchester, Hull, and Derby during the last quarter of a century, together with the sections that treat of Home Missions throughout the country, abound in striking evidence of vitality and progress. The “Short Summaries” tabulated in the synopsis of contents are exceedingly useful. They illustrate the main results of the year’s work with singular force and clearness, and form the most convincing commentary on every section of the text.

William Wilberforce’s *Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is decidedly an acquisition to readers of the Library of “Ancient and Modern Theological Literature.” Not all of the reprints included in this useful series, as we have pointed out on occasion, can be said to be valuable works inaccessible to the country clergy and divinity students. Some, indeed, have been reprinted repeatedly of late, and in cheap forms. Inclusiveness may be carried too far in a series that claims and merits the distinction of supplying valuable theological works in shilling volumes. Wilberforce’s treatise is probably a good deal neglected, and to promote its circulation is an excellent service. But why do the cover and title-page not agree? On the former for “Religious System” we have “Religious Systems.”

Fishin’ Jimmy, by Annie Trumbull Slosson (Edinburgh: Douglas), is a little book—very like a “tract” in appearance—that may please the sentimental angler and lift up the heart of the despondent botanist who has of late been publishing his fears concerning the imminent extinction of rare plants in watery places. Fishin’ Jimmy was apparently raised in New England, and must be considered, to judge from this curious sketch of his life, to be one of the completest anglers known. He shamed the professional “collector” who botanized in his haunts by his penetrating observation, though he was an illiterate man who knew not what was meant by *Subularia aquatica*, that long-lost specimen of the *Crucifera*. But he could find that, or any other rare bog-plant, with ease if prompted by a good description or dried specimen. He knew more of birds that haunt the waterways than Audubon or Alexander Wilson. And there was a vein of pietism in this remarkable character, such as is not uncommon in complete anglers. One day he underwent a sort of “conversion” through the agency of a strange preacher, and henceforth he is absorbed by the desire to be a fisher of men. His views are thoroughly professional as to the missionary aspect of Christianity. “Haint they ever tried it on them poor heathen?” he would ask some clerical angler. “I should think ’twould a ben the fust thing they’d done. Fishin’ fust, an’ r’ligin’s sure to follow. An’ it’s so easy; fur heath’n mostly r’sides on islands, don’t they? So there’s plenty of water, an’ o’ course ther’s fishin’; an’ onced give ’em poles an’ git ’em to work, an’ they’re out o’ mischief fur that day.” It would be better, he thought, than “cannib’ling, or cutting out idles, or scratchin’ picters all over their selves.” Jimmy’s end is brought about in touching circumstances, though the pathos is a little overstrained, a little too much after the ideal of American sentimentalists.

Mr. D. Baptie’s concise dictionary, *Musicians of all Times* (Curwen & Sons), is a comprehensive index to the names of composers, instrumentalists, publishers, critics, makers of instruments, and all persons connected with the musical world. The compiler

illustrates in his preface the obstacles to accuracy in the matter of dates that beset him. They are sufficiently notorious. If authorities differ in modern instances—e.g. the date of Sir Michael Costa’s death—correctness is hard to attain with respect to centuries long past. Mr. Baptie has done his best, and his best, as we have tested it, is worthy of trust.

Mr. Findlay Muirhead’s translation of Dr. Carl Zehden’s *Commercial Geography* (Blackie & Son) is a handbook of statistics and general information concerning the great trading nations of the world. The systematic arrangement of material in sections that are defined on an excellent principle is thoroughly sound. Altogether the book fulfils the practical aims of the author, and will be found useful for reference and as a class-book in elementary schools. The least satisfactory feature is the introductory chapter, which is meagre. The statement (p. 104) as to the lessened strategic importance of Gibraltar is, to say the least, very debatable.

We have received the *Civil Service Calendar*, 1889, edited by William Bussell (Allen & Co.); *The Service Almanack for 1889* (Harrison); *A Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green, in Two Parts, with an analysis by C. W. A. Tait, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *English Verse*, selected by E. W. Howson, M.A. (Rivingtons); a new edition of Ince and Gilbert’s *Outlines of English History* (Allen & Co.); *German Examination Papers*, by Gustav Hein (Williams & Norgate); a Selection from Lessing—*Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe*—edited by H. S. White (Putnam’s Sons); *Short Tales from History*, by the Rev. C. E. Moberley (Masters); *Lyrical Dramas, &c.*, by Edwin Oxon (Mullen); and the *Sequel to Synopsis of Tariffs and Trades of the British Empire*, issued by the Imperial Federation League.

We have also received new editions of Mr. Henry James’s *Washington Square, &c.* (Macmillan); Miss C. M. Yonge’s *The Clever Woman of the Family* (Macmillan); and Mr. J. Freeman Bell’s *The Premier and the Painter* (Spencer Blackett).

The edition of *Euclid* published by Messrs. Macmillan, and noticed in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW under the head of “Mathematical Class-Books,” should have been attributed, not to “Messrs. Hall and Knight,” but to Messrs. H. S. Hall and F. S. Stevens.

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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